Week ending September 25 1948

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN ZONE

by Heinrich Fraenkel—page 11

HOW TO WATCH SOCCER

by John Arlott—page 15

Reserves . . .

Now is the time to build up reserves of health for the winter, by taking your fill of the invigorating autumn breezes.

A late holiday if you can: a week-end at the sea: or at least an odd day in the country or on the sands.

The summer rush is ending and there will be more room in the trains. There are cheap day tickets from many stations.

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FOR BETTER LISTENING—
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Take care of your family's health in every way

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Caperns
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Five short words of great renown
Provide the answer for you...
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Use Germolene Ointment to hasten healing! It is a protection against outside infection. It will absorb impurities or "matter" from the affected area. It stops itching or burning and reduces inflammation . . . for Germolene Ointment soothes at a touch!

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ASEPTIC OINTMENT
for SPOTS, RASHES, SKIN IRRITATIONS, Etc.
1/6 and 3/8 inc. tax.

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Nourish the roots with
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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

Shopping at the
CO-OP
COSTS YOU LESS!

IT costs you less for two reasons: you share in the CO-OP's "profits" (you get dividend on your purchases)—because you and your fellow-members own it; and you *also* share in the "profits" of the C.W.S., the famous Wholesale and manufacturing group which supplies the shop—because the CO-OP's own the C.W.S. You get a double benefit, so shopping at the CO-OP *naturally* costs you less.

An announcement of the CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY Ltd.

"Yes, KIWI does much more than give shoes a finer shine . . ."

"KIWI is made with rich waxes that sink deep down into the leather—nourishing it, keeping it soft and supple—helping your shoes to stay smart and comfortable . . ."
"ALWAYS BUY KIWI"

KIWI DARK TAN
KIWI BLACK
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STILL 8d. Per Tin

Ask also for KIWI BLUE and KIWI TRANSPARENT specially manufactured for Ladies' Shoes
The Kiwi Polish Co., Pty., Ltd., Brumwill Road, Ealing, London, W.5

JOHN BULL

186 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
Phone: TEMPLE BAR 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London
SEPTEMBER 25, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2204

Wasting Our Wealth

BIT BY BIT, in spite of handicaps and setbacks, this country is getting into its production stride.

For example, we are now raising all the coal we need for use at home.

That there are still restrictions is due to the necessity of exporting coal at the rate of at least twenty million tons a year.

It is not so long since Ernest Bevin told the miners that if they gave him thirty million export tons he could change the prospects of Europe. Since then, new shadows have darkened the international outlook.

But the export coal is nevertheless essential to help pay for our food and raw materials. The more we send abroad, the better off we'll be.

And one way to do that *and* to increase home supplies is to cut out waste.

We can use coal scientifically and get the most out of it; or burn it crudely and so lose most of the heat and the by-products.

The Coal Board and the big industrial consumers should press on with research and propaganda to stop the senseless waste of this precious wealth. Most people would be horrified if they knew how much of it now vanishes up their chimneys.

Harvest Victory

WE CONGRATULATE the farmers and farm-workers of Britain on getting in a much bigger harvest than last year in spite of bad weather. It was a wretched summer for them as well as for holidaymakers.

But they stuck to the heartbreaking job, first of keeping down the weeds which choke crops in a wet summer, then of rescuing fields flattened by rain and wind.

In the end they got in more wheat, oats, peas and beans than the average for ten years. Potatoes and sugar beet are expected to be, if not record crops, at least very good ones.

We won't feel the effect of this at once. But we are now pretty safe against any renewal of potato and bread rationing.

And if sugar and sweets are more abundant or even freed later on, it will be due to the efforts of our landworkers this season.

Credit goes, too, to the many thousands of volunteers who spent their holidays helping with the harvest. They came to the rescue in the first postwar season without a large force of German war prisoners on the land. The nation owes them a debt of gratitude.

Stop These Horrors

BECAUSE MORE HORSEFLESH is being eaten to help out with the meat ration, the trade in horses for slaughter has got too big for its transport and other facilities.

The result is cruelty, not necessarily intentional but unavoidable unless the number of horses handled is reduced by law.

And that is exactly what should be done.

If the horsemeat trade cannot comply with modern standards of humane treatment, it should be drastically restricted.

At present, too many horses are dispatched by rail. The result is that the railways cannot look after them properly on the journey.

Overcrowded yards and trucks are bad enough; lack of food and drink is worse. Yet the regulations specify that horses need be fed only after twenty-four hours in transit.

Having arrived at a slaughterhouse in, say, East London—where much horsemeat is now eaten—a horse's ordeal may still continue. Overcrowding is often very bad, and the animals await their turn to be killed in great neglect and misery.

It is no use waiting for the consciences of everybody in the trade to be stirred. That was proved before the war, when years of agitation by public-spirited reformers were necessary to get the export trade in old horses made less offensively cruel.

Rapid Government action is wanted to cut out the horrors now being enacted daily.

Self-service Shopping

WHEN LABOUR WOMEN MEET in conference at Weston-super-Mare next week they will be told how the self-service system for grocery shops works in America.

You help yourself from racks of goods—as you take food in a cafeteria—and pay on the way out. This cuts down the number of shop assistants and diminishes queues.

We believe that an extension of self-service shopping in this country is a possible solution of the Saturday closing problem.

The shop assistants' trade unions are agitating for universal closing on Saturday afternoons.

That would be very nice for them. But it is sure to cause hardship to the shopping public, and to make life yet more difficult and inconvenient for housewives.

At least in food shops, self-service would permit of Saturday afternoon opening while keeping a minimum number of workers on the job.

We hope the Labour Women's Conference will point this out to the shop assistants, and recommend them to pass the idea on to the employers. It's worth trying.

Television Sets for Butter!

DENMARK TO US HAS ALWAYS spelt butter, eggs and bacon, and we have reason to be glad that the Danes and ourselves have just signed new contracts for food supplies.

But whereas before the war we could pay for everything we ordered without worry, today our purchases depend largely on current exports to Scandinavia.

Hence the importance of the British Exhibition now in progress in Copenhagen, the Danish capital.

It is the biggest exhibition ever held in the northern countries; it is attended by buyers from Norway and Sweden as well as from Denmark and it is expected to bring in at least five million pounds' worth of export orders.

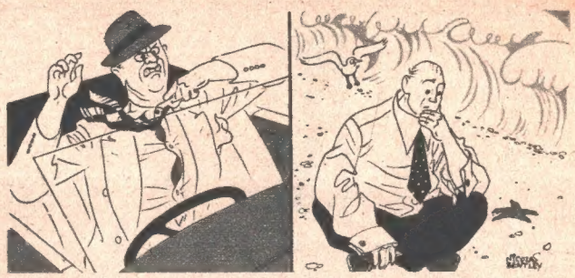
That will not only pay for a lot of butter. It will confirm our future hold on the markets in these three friendly, prosperous, hard-working neighbour countries.

Typical of British enterprise in the exhibition is the television show put on by the Radio Industry Council.

Denmark has at present no television service and consequently no television industry. The British factories have a chance to supply her with the whole set-up.

And since our home television is booming, we could no doubt hold the Scandinavian market for many years to come.

Here is a brilliant practical example of how our scientific brainpower, properly applied, can put food into the mouths of our people—television sets for butter!



1 **Choke-shrink . . .** Joe isn't really a reckless driver, but his shirt's choking him. Once it was a good fit, now it's so shrunk, he's strangling.

2 **Hope-shrink . . .** Fred isn't trying to drown a broken heart. He bought his shirt oversize and he's hoping the waves will shrink it to fit.

Shirts with this label won't shrink out of fit

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BEFORE YOU BUY ANY WATCH YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF TO SEND FOR THE BEAUTIFUL **FREE CATALOGUE** OF

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Please send me your Catalogue.
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EASY'S rich, stay-moist lather holds bristles upright, ensures a really close, smooth shave. Use Lever's Easy in the morning and you stay fresh-shaved *all day!*

Good for 100 Shaves

LEVER'S **EASY** SHAVING STICK

E 428-943 A *LEVER* PRODUCT

A good brush you can well afford

This beautifully made HYGEX hairbrush, rubber-cushioned and in nylon, costs only 16/-; in bristle 11/6; in wire 5/10.
And remember, these rubber-cushioned brushes promote healthier hair by their deep, even penetration to the scalp. There are HYGEX hairbrushes for men too—sterilised shaving brushes cost from 5/- to 5 gns.

THE BRUSHES FOR HEALTHIER HAIR

THE PRIVATE ENTERPRISE
GROCER & PROVISION DEALER
opens the door to
PERSONAL ATTENTION & FAIR SHARES

Issued by
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You must let me know how you make such delicious coffee! What's the secret?

PRIORY COFFEE

Obtainable only in ¼ lb. tins

Pure fresh cows' milk from which part of the natural water has been removed by evaporation, therefore *add* water as directed on the label to make rich creamy milk.

FOR ALL MILK USES

PEARCE DUFF'S
Custard & Jellies

The choice of a century
says Mrs. P. DEE

CUSTARD POWDER · JELLIES · BAKING POWDER · BLANCMANGE POWDER
PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16.

"Paul looks successful now his constipation's done with" *says Mrs. G., of Brighton*

All last winter Paul looked depressed—it seemed as if life were too much for him. He kept saying there was nothing wrong, but I knew that just couldn't be true. Finally I got the idea it might be constipation and I started serving Kellogg's All-Bran for breakfast. Well, I can't begin to describe the change! Paul just glows these days—you can see he's a man who's going places. And how he enjoys that daily plate of delicious All-Bran!

You can relieve constipation with a Food

Many people today are constipated, because the foods they eat are too soft and starchy. These foods are almost completely absorbed by the body and what they leave in the intestines is not "bulky" enough for the bowel muscles to "take hold of." Constipation is the result.

Kellogg's All-Bran—not a drug, not a medicine, but a delicious *food*—provides the missing "bulk" for bowel muscles. It makes grand eating, too. Try it tomorrow, and every day, for breakfast—with milk and sugar, or mixed with stewed fruit or another breakfast cereal.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN *is the rich outer layers of wheat deliciously flavoured with malt and sweetened with sugar,* 7½*d. a packet, from your grocer.*

NEW RINSO
certainly brings a lovely radiance to **WHITES!**

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It's never too warm or cold!
TO ENJOY
Victory V
GUMS & LOZENGES
4ozs. 1/1½d NO POINTS

As light as a Weston's Cream Cracker!

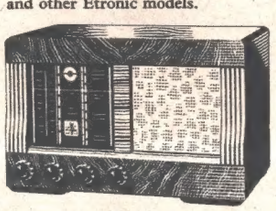
Eat one plain—with nothing else. It is the only way to know how excellently good are Weston's Cream Crackers. Supplies are limited and are fairly shared by all districts.

Weston's BISCUITS

Buying radio in a buyers' market

It's so long since we had a buyers' market that many people have forgotten how it favours the shopper. It means big selection, keenly competitive prices, reliable quality and those behind the counter on their toes to serve you. In fact, with the return of the buyers' market *this* is the time to buy a new set.

In offering you Etronic radio we expect you to put us through it now you can pick and choose to your heart's content. Indeed, secretly we hope you will because that's the only way you'll find out what good sets we make. For instance Model RA 640, illustrated, will stand comparison in performance and reliability with many far more expensive sets. We've cut out the frills and put the money into more important things which affect the quality of listening, and we've kept the price down to £21 13.9. including purchase tax. Send for full particulars of this and other Etronic models.



ETRONIC RADIO

Hale Electric Co. Ltd., West Ealing, London

B-r-e-a-t-h-e with Relief

Yes! When your Nose is cleared this way you literally breathe with relief. Act to-day to get rid of the distress of stuffy Head Colds and obstinate Catarrh. Get a jar or tin of 'Mentholatum.' Insert a little of this breathable balm inside each nostril. Your very next breath carries antiseptic vapours right up through the Nose, opening up the nasal passages, soothing soreness, reducing swelling. Free breathing is restored *just by breathing* the 'Mentholatum' vapours. Rubbed on the throat and chest, 'Mentholatum' Balm loosens the tightness caused by Chest Colds. 'Mentholatum' Balm in Jars and Tins 1/7 (inc. tax). Also in Liquid Form (with Applicator) 1/7. All chemists.

LIFE ASSURANCE IN ACTION

A MAN TOOK out a Prudential Heritage Endowment. Six months later he died. His dependants receive £5 a week for over 15 years, and then a final payment of £2,750. In all £6,780 will be paid.

IF YOU TAKE out a present day "Heritage Endowment" Policy for £2,000 there will be available

FOR YOURSELF
if you live 20 years
£2,000 with Bonuses added.

FOR YOUR FAMILY
Should you die within 20 years
£200 CASH at death together with Bonuses.
£6 A WEEK for the remainder of the 20 years, and
£1,800 CASH at the end of 20 years from the date of the Policy.

Fill in and forward this Coupon

To THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD., Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

I desire full particulars of your "Heritage Endowment" Policy.

Name ..... Date of Birth .....

Address .....

J.B. 25/9/48 P.P.522

"MARRY A FARM WORKER? NO, MY GIRL"

That was one man's reaction to his daughter's choice of a husband. With farm workers' status and prospects what they are, you can hardly blame him—or wonder at the shortage of recruits agriculture so urgently needs

by CLAUD MORRIS

I MET A WING-COLLARED MAN in a Whitehall room. He waved a sheet of paper at me. He had a stack of facts to show that we were still twenty-nine thousand farm workers short of the number we had wanted by the autumn.

Sure, in spite of sour weather and blackened corn, the harvest is in. But on many a farm it was pulled in by foreign blokes with strange names like Fritz and Piludski. In lots of other places the nation's bread was saved by lend-a-hand volunteers, most of whom are now back thumbing ledgers and tapping typewriters.

Where's the genuine article? What is happening to the skilled British farm worker, and why aren't young men going to work in the fields full time?

In Taunton, Exeter, Truro, Reading and Dorchester during the past few weeks I have talked to some of the men who earn a living sweating in stockyards, mucking out byres, pulling sugar beet.

And I find the main thing about the British farm worker is that he is busy telling young men they would be ill-advised to share his life. I find that *there are no young men going on the land.*

Over the past twenty-five years more than three hundred thousand farm workers have walked off the farms without so much as a backward look. Men have quit their jobs, never to return or be replaced, at the rate of thirty a day, over more than two decades.

Out of the ninety-eight thousand farm workers who marched off to war in 1939, I have to report that by September, 1948, fewer than forty thousand have returned to farming. And where are the rest? You'll find them in the city, in factories, in offices—anywhere, except in the muck.

In Devizes, Wiltshire, the other day, a young Oxford man climbed into the seat of a McCormick-Deering binder. "I've been wanting to do this all my life," he said to me. And the farm worker who was at my elbow, Bert Pellow, gave me a jog of the arm. "And I've been wanting to stop doing it all of mine," he said.

Armchair Enthusiasts

That was the protest of a professional against the exacting demands of his trade. It was also the protest of a fellow who used to be in the tank corps bouncing across Germany, and who would now, truthfully, prefer a motor factory to a muck heap.

There's a lot of nostalgic nonsense talked about country life, especially by holidaying countrymen or armchair poets who've never handled frosted roots in midwinter long after all feeling in their fingers has gone.

In the taproom of the "Old Dragon" pub outside Exeter a night or two ago Joe Filson asked me who in the countryside would really choose to work on farms when the railway wanted unskilled porters for a hundred shillings a week, with tips and uniform. You can go into the quarries and get 110 bob a week, or into an engineering works and 150 bob. Why bother about agriculture?

In fact, few people are bothering. Recent schemes for training Servicemen in farming have been a ghastly flop. At one large Church of England school in Surrey, out of about a thousand pupils, only five in the past six years have left to go on the land.

I reckon that in my own village school at Ludgvan, Cornwall, out of about a hundred pupils, maybe two or three at the most will leave school this year and go on the farms in this lush Cornish agricultural valley where farming has always paid huge dividends in early crops.

Why? I'll give you the young man's answer quick in the language of my pal Willie. And the answer's not what you think. It's not altogether to do with the wages, or the long hours, and it's not in the strain on a man's face when he tries to remove an endless number of bolts from a tractor cylinder-head in a biting March wind.

Father Clamped Down

Willie came to me and sat down in my parlour. He blew smoke and sat there staring through the drifting coils. "What am I going to do?" he asked.

Willie had met a girl, a pretty nice one. Attractive, blondish hair, long neat legs, nice eyes. "A bit young," they said—that is, if eighteen is a bit young to settle down in a country cottage and be wife to a chap like Willie.

When they went ahead in the independent way young people have and fixed a marriage day the girl's town-bred father stepped rather heavily into the picture. So did her ma.

Before you judge the parents for stopping the wedding, which is what they did, I want to ask a straight question. If you had an attractive daughter and she told you she was going to marry a farm worker, what would you say?

Be honest. Wouldn't you be slightly disappointed that she "couldn't do better for herself"? And wouldn't you consider a farm man to be a pretty menial type of worker?

It happened in this case. The marriage is off—temporarily. Willie hopes to get a town job and start all over again with his love affair. Meanwhile, a certain sort of snobbishness has won its battle.

That's one short answer to why men don't go on the land or, once there, don't stay.

Farm labouring is considered a low occupation, because there is less hope of progress in it than in any other job. There is no way to the top. I have not yet heard of a farm worker who became a farm manager. I have not yet heard of a farm worker who became eventually a farmer.

Work in a factory, or an office, and if you are good you can expect some sort of promotion. But in agriculture there is no promotion. In twenty years you might become a horseman or a cowman. Or perhaps you can quite quickly become a tractor driver earning about ten bob a week more than the minimum agricultural wage.

In fact, as an elderly farm worker put it to me during my recent tour: "We ain't got no real future, only a past."

He spoke from experience, and so do I. At twelve I was picking up potatoes in the long summer evenings. Happy children, working in the harvest fields? Nonsense. That's another townsman's myth. I hated the job.

Five Shillings a Week

Nearly half a million children worked on farms before the passing of the recent Education Act. Some farms kept going with the help of child labour. If not sweated, it was abominably paid.

At fourteen I went to work full time and was paid five shillings a week for helping to milk by machine thirty cows twice daily, mucking out yards, feeding livestock, and working from 6.30 a.m. until 5.30 p.m.

I got no overtime. Some nights I would get off my bike going home and fold my body into the hedge and snore—too tired to pedal even another half mile.

Next door to me lived an old man called Benjamin Rowe. He had grey

Claud Morris with Benjamin Rowe. The old stager was forthright about farm work: "Leave it and go into the town!"

whiskers and puffed at a chipped pipe. Benny may have been the townsman's dream of the ideal agricultural worker, as a part of the holiday scenery, but in odd moments we found free to talk Benny put this whole business of working for farmers into its proper perspective, and appointed himself my unofficial uncle.

"Get the devil out of this muck, boy," he said. "Leave it and go into the town. What d'you expect in farming except a hole in the windy end of your pants for the next forty years?"

So I quit.

Like fifty thousand other elementary schoolboys whose horizon was hemmed in by the top prospect of ending their lives as picturesque old symbols, I loved the land by necessity and not from choice. I quit at the first opportunity.

Old Benny has now had fifty-two years on the land. When we both sat down at the old inn the other day and tried to work out his *average* wage, it came, near enough, to £58 10s. 6d. for each year's labour, even counting the prosperous years. Let's call it a quid and a couple of shillings a week.

One city friend who came down into the country with me recently had a word with Benny and remarked afterwards how he envied him. "Charming fellow," he put it. "Salt of the earth."

I have not, perhaps fortunately, asked Benny for his opinion of my friend. But let me, on Benny's behalf and on behalf of three-quarters of a million farm workers, dispel certain myths about country life.

One Family's Budget

First, the myth that countrymen make their money "go further." Here's the weekly budget of one worker near Taunton. He brings up two children and keeps his wife:

	s.	d.
Food	35	0
Rent	6	0
National Insurance ...	4	11
Oil for lamps	1	6
Milk	6	0
Fares to Taunton	4	0
Clothes	8	6
Coal	4	6
Magazines and papers ...	1	6
Family insurance	2	6
Tobacco or beer for a week	7	6
	81	11

That leaves 8s. 1d. over out of the wage packet. On this sum he has to take his wife to the pictures (her weekly treat), give two children something for pocket-money, buy and repair shoes for the family, look after the laundry costs, buy the high tension battery for a radio set, as well as pay sevenpence a week for recharging wet batteries.

Another myth is the one about lovely cottages with roses around the door. The other night I made a speech about farming in London and an old lady came up to me afterwards. "How lovely to live in the country in a charming cottage," she remarked.

Let me tell you about my own cottage, which is typical of the homes of perhaps half a million farm workers.

I walk to it—two miles, up a steep hill. In winter the rain comes slashing in across high moorland, and it's a fight to get to the top at all. The bus stop is a mile and a half away, with buses every half hour. In summer you often wait behind a queue of country-admiring visitors.

Although electric pylons run above my land I cannot bring in electricity under a cost of about £500 for a transformer. It's a case of so near and yet so far.

My cottage has not changed since the day my grandfather bought two little cottages, a pigsty and a few acres for £40 back in 1870. It has not changed at all, except for the addition of our most modern possession, a radio.

My privy is a hundred yards down the garden. The window panes of my bedroom are about six inches wide, letting in a mimimum of light. If I want to have a bath, I must walk two miles to the sea. I carry water in a bucket from a spring a quarter of a mile from my cottage.

Groceries have to be fetched in bags and lugged up that long hill from a town five miles distant.

Comfort Means Capital

Like to live with me? I am cosy, and happy. But the myth of town-like comforts and cosiness in the country can only come true for those who have about £700 or so to spend on conversion of such a cottage into a modern dwelling.

Do I live in unusual circumstances? Not at all. I am slightly better off than the normal. I spent last weekend in Essex, a county in which, it is said, seventy per cent of farm workers' cottages have dangerous staircases, ninety-five per cent are dark in some rooms because of small windows, fifty per cent are dark in all rooms.

Sixty per cent are without satisfactory food stores, twenty per cent have no food stores at all. Seventy per cent have no sinks or drainage, and thirty per cent have floors below ground level.

And more than 150,000 of the homes lived in by agricultural workers in this country are "tied." If you lose your job, you lose your home along with it. In no other industry in Britain does such a condition exist on such a scale.

Meet Harry. Maybe now, at sixty-five, there is a beginning of heaviness in his body, but Harry still looks fine. Until recently Harry's cottage was owned by an old lady in the village. He paid her seven bob a week rent, and then suddenly she died.

A large red poster went up in the village. SALE. DESIRABLE PROPERTIES FOR AUCTION. The cottage fetched £600.

The buyer was Harry's boss—let's call him Farmer Smith.

Five days later Farmer Smith, who is a rolypoly little man with a red face, and doesn't at all like doing his own dirty work, sent his wife into the village.

She told Harry she was sorry, but Mr. Smith had to "lay off" now the harvest was in.

Nothing surprising in that, of course; the farm worker in various parts of the country is a most irregular worker. After each year's harvest as many as a couple of hundred men get sacked in each county. In a land still crying out for food, it is nothing to have seven thousand farm workers idle.

But her next words caught him like a kidney punch. "And Mr. Smith says he is sorry, but he'll be wanting to take over your cottage now he's bought it. He's got a young fellow to put in here."

How could this sort of thing happen? Immediately he bought the house Farmer Smith had gone to see his County Agricultural Committee. He had got a certificate from the committee saying that he couldn't cultivate his land properly unless he had another cottage for another worker.

Then he had coolly gone home and sent the message to sack the old man Harry, and order him out.

Is this typical of the kind of treatment meted out by some farmers and landlords in some English villages? I find that about a thousand cottages a year are made into tied cottages just like this. It's all official, all above board.

You can guess how many young men Harry will advise to go into agriculture when he sits by in retirement, a retirement, possibly, without a roof of his own.

Can you read this sort of story and still argue that the tied cottage, the lot of over a fifth of our farm workers, is justified?

Near Dorchester I heard a well-to-do farmer get up and argue that most farm workers "liked" tied cottages. To prove his case he quoted the fact that in some cases, when a farm worker is offered a "free" cottage, he refuses to take it.

Disparity in Rents

Refuse? Some of these men have to refuse by reason of economic necessity. The rent of a new cottage today may be anything from eighteen shillings to twenty-two shillings a week. The rent of a tied cottage is usually about six shillings. How many working-class, or even middle-class, people in England today could afford to have their rent trebled?

Then there is the myth of "free food." In my own parish of Ludgvan, Cornwall, there are about two hundred farm labourers. Of this number, I estimate that not more than ten get free milk. As to vegetables, about twenty or so have the privilege of taking home a broccoli or two in season, while the farmer turns a blind eye. Not one working landsman in fifty keeps chickens or a pig.

And what of long hours? In Berkshire I found Tom, a cowman, who told me he had agreed with his boss to accept a basic wage of £4 10s. a week, plus overtime, and alternate weekends off.

But he soon found that every fortnight when he used his free weekend to take his missus into Reading to the pictures, he earned little more than the basic wage. And having six children to support, you can guess what Tom is doing now. He is working next weekend—and the weekend after that, too.

A member of the Berkshire County Committee of the National Union of Agricultural Workers tells me it has just carried out an investigation into working conditions. In the dairying part of Berkshire more than ten per cent of the union members *never* get a day off. They are on the farm 365 days a year.

More Men—or Crisis

When I returned home after my recent tour I realized I had seen little hope on the land, so far as the farm worker is concerned. British agriculture is living on a slender man-power basis with the help of about twenty thousand "civilianized" Germans (pretty hard workers, from what I can see, and anxious to stay here), as well as about twenty-three thousand European refugees.

We have had about six thousand more tractors in use this summer, as well as two thousand more combine harvesters. The lack of young farm labourers has speeded mechanization, but now, unless we get young men, and quickly, we shall face an agricultural manpower crisis.

I want to see a real plan of action under way to get men on the land, and keep them there. Something of this sort is long overdue:

One. The Government is hoping to allocate smallholdings to certain agricultural workers and, where necessary, provide seventy per cent of the working capital. Speed this plan! Advertise it widely throughout the country so that ambitious young men are attracted to Britain's breadbasket industry.

Two. Offer a promotion scheme, by which the best farm workers under twenty-one may gain scholarships to agricultural colleges. After training, offer such young men the opportunity of good jobs as farm managers, either on State farms, co-operative farms or county council farms, or, if they care to emigrate, in the colonies.

The trained agriculturist, in a hungry world, is a world asset.

Three. Spend as much money advertising for young men in agriculture as is being spent, and spent successfully, on advertising for young recruits in a smaller industry—coal.

Four. Clean up conditions on the land, so that we are selling the young recruits a real future, and not a myth. Tell the angry farm workers how soon they may expect an end to the anomaly of the tied cottage. The Government at present is shirking that issue.

Five. Encourage team spirit within this half-hearted industry. Let the Minister of Agriculture himself tell the workers that never again need men shun farming because of "lack of prospects." He will not get men on the land by closing his eyes and ears to conditions which make it impossible for young people to marry and live in decency and with hope.

A two and a half per cent increase in output per man on the land would save about forty million pounds of foreign exchange a year.

As a countryman myself, I know we can get that by giving these men "the prospects" they are no longer prepared to do without. The great country writer, Richard Jeffries, once called the farm worker "the rampart of the nation." Never was this so true as today.

After toiling all hours to get the harvest in, many farm workers are given the sack. And the sack may mean losing their home, too

BAD FAMILIES ARE STILL WITH US

by R. O. BLACK

Despite Britain's new social schemes, problem families still live the bad old way. A local health official asks for action

Home, sweet home : photograph from a Family Service Unit which is helping to reclaim " bad " families in Manchester

APPROXIMATELY eighty thousand Problem Families in this country are still living in conditions of such squalor as to make them objects of disgust to all who are forced into close association with them, and despair to those who, like myself, have to deal with them.

Philanthropic bodies, such as the Family Service Units, have been doing what they can to reclaim these families in Manchester, Liverpool and London. But, working without official support and with limited funds and personnel, they cannot hope to touch much more than the fringe of the problem.

The nation itself is doing nothing to reform such families. Yet they represent a grave danger to the national health. Problem Families are always large families. The number of their children, impossible to estimate with accuracy, may even rise as high as five per cent of the total child population, or twice the number of " deprived " children mentioned in the Curtis Report.

If we make no attempt to deal with these families, we leave untouched countless breeding areas of all the moral, social and public health evils we have fought for one hundred years to abolish.

It is time that we faced the problem squarely—and decided what we are to do about it.

It's Not Poverty

Poverty is not the cause. In many cases the family income is higher than that of a professional man or shopkeeper, yet they exhibit all the signs of poverty because of their stupidity and inability to learn. The parents are usually of low mentality, though not lacking in cunning.

The father is usually unfit for any but menial and badly paid jobs, and loses a great deal of work through chronic sickness or his proneness to minor injuries which a higher intelligence would help him to avoid. The mother is frequently mentally dull and finds life too much for her because of frequent child-bearing.

The parents are not wilfully neglectful or intentionally cruel. Indeed, the one bright spot in the picture is the strong bond of affection which exists between all members of the family. Yet the parents are so careless and irresponsible that their children suffer physically, mentally and morally.

The animal-like filth and squalor in which the Bad Family exists is of the greatest concern to health departments, welfare workers—and its unfortunate neighbours. The children are so dirty, verminous and unkempt that on their spasmodic attendances at school the teachers find them quite unable to benefit from normal instruction.

They are badly housed and revenge themselves by using the house badly. Shelves, doors, even floorboards, are torn to pieces and used as fuel; window panes broken and holes stuffed with rags; drains, sinks and water closets quickly broken and choked.

Furniture, except for a rickety table and a few chairs, is non-existent in the living-room. A bare bed in the sleeping room, and sometimes not even that, the family lying on the floor. No floor coverings, no window curtains even in the sleeping rooms, no bedding beyond some filthy blankets or old coats.

Meals are eaten directly out of the paper in which they are bought, so that eating utensils are crude and never enough to permit of the whole family's eating at once. The little cooking that is ever attempted needs no more than a frying pan and a kettle.

The mother is usually deeply in debt to all kinds of tradesmen, especially those from whom the cheap clothing and footwear is bought on the weekly payment system. Money goes on cinemas, cigarettes, alcohol, relatively expensive ready-cooked meats, fried fish and chips, ice-cream, excessively high pocket-money for the children, betting and pin-tables, while all members of the family are woefully short of even the bare necessities.

In Bed Till Noon

Family life is chaotic. Even on a summer day at high noon the whole family may still be found in bed or huddled round an unnecessary fire, unwashed and unkempt. No attempt is made to do washing, cleaning, mending, darning or any of the usual domestic chores. There are no regular mealtimes and food is bought as it is needed.

The whole family will sleep in one bedroom, leaving others vacant. With four to seven persons in each bed, it is not surprising that indecency and sexual offences are frequent. The family makes up for going to bed late by rising late next morning, with the result that the workers are bad timekeepers and the children frequently absent from school.

Few have night attire; they either sleep in their filthy clothing or in a state of nature. Clothes and footwear are worn until they are disgustingly filthy and fall to pieces with age. Tables are never cleared and floors never swept; the crumbs and scraps make a constant feast for flies, mice and rats.

There are frequent summonses against adults and children for filthy conditions, drunkenness, rowdiness, indecency, incest and other sexual offences, absence from school, petty theft and prostitution. The magistrates have heard it all before, and the same useless remedies are applied: fines, remand homes, approved schools, Borstal and prison.

Regarded as a Martyr

The only result is that the punished person is regarded as a martyr and, after completing his sentence, returns to complete his graduation as a thief or worse, while his sisters graduate as prostitutes, under the tuition of the only teachers they know or care for—their parents.

From my office in the health department of a typical English borough I see the phenomenal progress that has been made since the first Public Health Act of 1848. We have an efficient health visiting and child welfare scheme, and the best school medical and nursery service in the world. The National Health Service looks after everyone, and we have raised the standard of both child and adult education.

We are gradually stamping out venereal diseases and verminous conditions. We are providing special schools and special teachers for the dull, the backward and the mentally deficient. Our object is a rationally healthy life, for every man, woman and child.

But the Problem Families have been missed by the tide of progress. They remain in the backwaters. Welfare services can check the dirty, the verminous, the careless, the indolent, the dull and the indifferent but we make no provision for their reformation.

A lousy child can be cleaned by force if its parents will not clean it, but it cannot be kept from its parents; therefore it becomes lousy again. A verminous house can be compulsorily cleaned by the local authority; but if it quickly reverts to its former filthy condition, what good has been accomplished?

The result of all this is so disheartening that the Problem Families are regarded as hopeless social outcasts. Both officials and public come to look upon them as objects of detestation.

Is there no solution? Only in a totally new approach to the problem.

We need a new law, exclusively framed for Problem Families; and we need a new sort of social worker to implement the law. The object must be the reclamation of the whole family as a unit.

The local authority should be able to get a court order putting the whole family on probation in their own home under the supervision of a trained woman officer.

Such a woman must be able to take charge of the whole of the domestic arrangements. She must demonstrate to the husband that his responsibilities do not end with wage-earning; that he must take his fair share in the care and training of the children; that he should help his wife in the heavier tasks in the home.

She must teach the mother and the elder children to cleanse, wash, mend, darn, cook, do simple decorating, and spend with reasonable wisdom and care for themselves and the family.

What Should be Done

If surrounding influences are bad for the family, or if they will not co-operate, they should be removed to a rehabilitation centre, where the treatment is more rigorous and where loss of liberty, and restricted diet will bring them to a more co-operative frame of mind.

It may be argued that these proposals could be gravely abused, but safeguards such as are used in the lunacy laws could be devised to protect the innocent person.

Half measures are useless. The health of the whole nation is much more important than a temporary loss of liberty for the few who are centres of infection, infestation and degradation.

Britain's Snapshot Album

by Dennis Holman

Future generations won't have to wonder what Britain looked like. They'll turn up a million-picture record

LIKE A TOY Noah's Ark moored among the reeds on the Norfolk Broads, the houseboat *Bittern* seemed comically too small for the man in a beret and duffle coat, who stepped into a waiting duck punt, loaded a pile of photographic equipment after himself into the prow, lighted his pipe and poled his way along the meandering watercourse to the pub on the far bank.

The pub was the "Pleasure Boat" at Hickling. There Herbert Felton ate a hearty breakfast, transferred his equipment to the back seat of an old Morris Eight, and drove off in the direction of Tunstead, a village about eight miles away.

Tunstead Church was his objective; the photographing of it the job he had allotted himself for the day.

The church was of flint and stone, dating back to 1420. First he had to examine it intimately for special detail. The moulding of the west door faded into pure cylindrical and flat faces. This was unique. The iron work of the church door handle ring was even older than the church and among the finest examples of that work in England.

The roof, chancel, nave, aisles, altar tables and rude beams were all distinctive and offered scope for an active morning's photography.

Biggest Assignment Ever

Felton is a rare specialist, an architectural photographer. He's one of six who are plodding through the biggest photo job that was ever assigned—that of compiling a detailed record of every interesting structure in the British Isles. Their target is more than a million pictures.

The job was started just after the blitz, when the Royal Institute of British Architects asked the Treasury for a grant to start a picture record of historical buildings before the Germans could bomb them out of recognition. The National Buildings Record came into being, with, soon after, 100,000 pictures of the Conway Collection, placed at the Record's disposal by the Courtauld Institute of Art.

This, in seven summers, together with further acquisitions has grown into a library of 326,438 photographs and nearly 160,000 negatives. They are housed at 37 Onslow Gardens, Kensington, and can be viewed by the public on weekdays.

A few writers, publishers or film producers may call, but the stream is no more than a trickle. Londoners aren't yet aware that they have access to the nation's snap album—the largest of its kind in the world.

The Director of the Record, Walter H. Godfrey, F.R.I.B.A., is a vigorous, white-haired little man of sixty-seven. He is vice-president of the Society of Antiquarians and a practising architect who specialized in the restoration of old buildings, adding central heating and modern conveniences. His best-known job of work is Herstmonceux Castle, a 1440 ruin that he restored and remoated for Sir Paul Latham at a cost of £80,000.

The man responsible for classifying the Record's mass of photographs is thirty-eight year old Cecil Farthing. He has arranged the photographs according to localities, stuck captions on the backs and mounted them on stiff sheets hinged with adhesive tape to allow the photographs to be turned up and the captions read.

The sheets are placed in folders, of which there is one for every town and village. The folders in turn are arranged in bright red boxes in alphabetical order of counties. Inside each county again, towns and villages are placed in alphabetical order.

The system is simple, but not much use to a serious student who wants to research a particular subject as distinct from a locality. Instead of being able to find all the Tudor houses or medieval effigies placed together in adjacent boxes for comparison, he will have to spend weeks going through the folders in search of his subject.

The Record was originally mainly one of medieval architecture, but most of the active photographic work is now being done on renaissance, Georgian and Regency buildings, as well as on the Victorian period up to about 1860. Even after that, if there are examples of outstanding interest—like The Red House, Bexley Heath, built in the 1870s.

The architectural photographer has to be a master of a special technique. Felton makes his own cameras. Each is fitted with a wide angle F/3 Meyer lens and a rising front. This is a simple device for sliding up the lens to cut out superfluous foreground when photographing roofs and features of high arcading.

For close-ups of inaccessible detail he uses a telephoto lens.

Light in old buildings is seldom good, but Felton never carries flash-bulbs. He works out the exposure with an exposure meter, then exposes a medium speed plate while setting up another camera for a different shot. With five cameras, if conditions are good, he can get forty pictures in a morning's work.

Felton, now sixty-one, was a civil engineer until he threw up that profession at the age of thirty-five for a hobby that had absorbed him since childhood.

First Camera Was a Toy

With a sixpence that his father, a Worcester hop merchant, once gave him, he bought, at a bazaar, his first camera with plates and developer thrown in as well. The camera was almost a toy, with a pin hole and a snap elastic shutter, but his first efforts fired Felton's enthusiasm. He took up photography seriously. Twenty years later he was a fairly well known amateur.

He was by then freelancing for R.I.B.A., with regular commissions from the architectural journals, advertising agencies and technical publishers.

Felton has now given up most of this. He works more or less exclusively for National Buildings Record. Guidance comes from Cecil Farthing, in close touch with the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, with thirty investigators tooth-combing Britain and listing every building of historical interest.

The work will take years, but the lists will pass into law, and the law will protect these old buildings.

Felton has been operating in Norfolk for the past two summers, photographing its churches, manor houses, windmills, cottages, farms and monuments. He is working gradually towards F. J. Palmer, who is photographing the other side of the county.

Sixty years' work ahead of them: Herbert Felton photographs Tunstead Church

Of the twelve thousand pictures Felton has done for the Record, about five thousand are of Norfolk, but he still feels yet another eight thousand of the county's flint, brick, stone and thatch are needed before the picture is complete.

Sometimes, with the shortage of building materials, interesting old relics of buildings are apt to disappear, practically overnight. Farthing cites "Garth" as one that exists no longer except at the N.B.R., and produces photographs of a monstrous Gothic-revival house built near Welshpool about 1810.

Some violently conservative property owners resent the photographers' intrusion.

Scotland Yard Man Objected

One wrote to Farthing: "Sir, I was at Scotland Yard for thirty years, and I object very strongly to photographs of the interior of my home being made available to the public. What is to prevent any burglar in the county making use of this vital information your library contains?"

Occasionally bird watchers penetrate to the sanctuary where Felton and his wife, Tuppeny, lead a cramped and remote existence in the *Bittern* during the best months of the summer. The *Bittern* is hardly twelve feet from bow to stern. There is a cabin with two narrow bunks, a lavatory, and a tiny locker with an oil stove.

For mooring the *Bittern* in his pet dike in the reeds, Felton pays £1 a year, plus £1 for a licence. "We eat at the 'Pleasure Boat,'" he explains, with a gesture which implies that even architectural photographers have to eat.

Next month, when they return to their flat in Bloomsbury, Felton will start developing and printing the Norfolk pictures he has taken this year.

Most of the prints are done with an enlarger using a 500-watt projection-type lamp.

Two Thousand a Year

A season's crop of pictures amounts to about 2,000, and when he has these ready, they are delivered to Cecil Farthing. Then the Feltons pack up and leave for a holiday in Italy and the South of France.

How long does Felton expect to work at his present assignment?

"Who knows?" he says. "The Record wants another 600,000 pictures and they reckon it will take us another sixty years. I think we can count on it being more or less a permanent job!"

Like painting the Forth Bridge, the job goes on and on, but it is far more than merely bringing an architectural library up to date.

Take a fourpenny bus ride through any city and look at the war scars. Even in peace the face of England is changing all the time. It's as well that somewhere there will be an album of pictures for posterity to see our country as we knew it.

Such a funny uncle—so open-handed with his lollipops, and yet so mysterious with his demon-satisfier (as he called it)

MY UNCLE JOE

by MICHAEL JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

I MUST HAVE BEEN about six when my uncle Joe came to stay with us. I can remember Aunt Emmy wasn't very pleased. She said he had a demon in him, and he wouldn't be a good influence.

"He hasn't many other places to go. I suppose he'll have to come," she said, shaking her head.

I can see him now as he got off the train, in his check cap, and a pair of bright boots that my aunt seemed to dislike—though I rather admired their sandy colour. There was some sort of trouble, too, at the ticket office. Uncle Joe had mislaid his ticket on the journey, it seemed, and if Mr. Potts hadn't been a friend of Aunt Emmy's we should have had to pay his fare for him.

He hoisted a shabby leather case into the back of the buggy. It had Dr. K. A. L. written on the side—though they weren't his initials.

Aunt Emmy climbed up into the front, and sat looking ahead, her penetrating eyes focused hard on an advertisement for toilet soap, and her hands agitating in her lap. I knew that she was annoyed.

"Ah, there we are!" he said, climbing up beside me and gripping my hand warmly. Aunt Emmy clicked to the horse.

"I've something for the boy."

Aunt Emmy's face was hard and still, and she didn't look at him. I think she was thinking about the ticket. "What?" she said.

Uncle Joe pulled a large lollipop from his pocket and unwrapped the end for me. He winked at me. Already I was liking him. I thought it was ungrateful of Aunt Emmy to sit up there straight-backed, her hat placed carefully in the middle of her head, and her lips in a thin line—like a piece of tightly drawn elastic. I smiled up at him and he gave me a slap on the back that nearly knocked me off the end of the seat.

All the way back we hardly said a word and I spent my time wondering what fascinated me most, my uncle's great nose or his bright boots. He looked very like my father, whose faded photograph stood on the mantelshelf in Aunt Emmy's parlour next to the tall green vase with the mermaids on it.

Only, of course, Uncle Joe looked a lot older than my father; though he had the same dignified expression on his face, as if he was stiff and could not bend. I used to think that it was because the collar he was wearing was too tight.

WHILE Aunt Emmy went through to get the tea, I helped him to carry the bag up into his room. He spent some time going round the room looking in the cupboards and under the mattress, grunting to himself as he moved. After a moment he said: "Close the door, Jimmy."

When the latch had clicked he pulled from his pocket a small curved bottle, and put it to his lips. I can remember asking what it was and if I could have some, too.

"Later, later," he said. "It's my 'demon-satisfier' that your aunt talks so much about." And he laughed to himself and ruffled my hair.

He produced another lollipop for me, and put his finger to his lips. Just then I heard footsteps on the stairs, and quickly pushed the green sweet under my jersey. When my aunt came in Uncle Joe had that bottle back in his pocket, and was looking up at a notice above the bed which said "Home Sweet Home," and which Aunt Emmy had embroidered herself. It was just about the fastest thing I ever saw him do.

Tea was ready in the kitchen. I watched my uncle carefully as he drank. Someone had once said that he drank like a fish and I wanted to see if he did.

During the first few weeks that he was with us I saw a lot of Uncle Joe. He used to come and wait for me outside the village school, leaning on an old stick, and puffing at his pipe. At first the boys used to laugh at his nose and say rude things about him. It hurt me a lot.

But after a while he used to gather us round and tell us stories of the time when he was in the Army fighting the cannibals on an island in the Pacific. We all took it that it was the climate that had made his nose swell; and even if it wasn't we ought to be respectful to such a brave man.

I felt as proud of his deeds in the Pacific as if I had done them myself. Sometimes he used to join in our games. Once, when one of the boys' elder sisters was there, he even did a dance for us.

When the holidays began, he used to take me for walks on the heathland up at Martin's Rock. He would sit for hours while I played in the heather, his head pillowed in the shade of the rock, playing a mouth-organ.

Every now and then he would take his demon-satisfier out of his back pocket and have a swig. Once he offered some to me but I didn't like the taste. It was just like methylated spirits. He often warned me to keep away from the edge of the cliff. It wasn't very high but it was steep.

HE became very friendly with most people in the village, and they used to call out to him by name to play his mouth-organ to them. Occasionally he used to go down into the village in the evenings when my Aunt Emmy was at the chapel meeting. I would feel lonely without him, and wander round the house looking for something to do, straightening the furniture and looking at the strange books that he kept beside his bed.

I remember picking one up. There was a picture in it of a man dressed in a pith helmet and shorts, with a rifle. At his feet lay a dead tiger. At first I thought the man was Uncle Joe himself because he had often told me about shooting them.

One day Aunt Emmy sent him into town to buy her a new corset, and he was away all day. I stood at the bedroom window most of the evening waiting for him to come back. I kept wondering what I used to do without him. Eventually I caught sight of him getting off the bus at the corner. He was singing very loudly about some girl called Milly, and some man was helping him off.

Later on I heard my Aunt Emmy arguing with him downstairs in the kitchen. I never found out whether it was because of the language he was using or because he had forgotten her corset.

He was a very generous old man and he would have given me anything. Often he would have sweets in his pocket for me on our walks, and if he didn't, and I said I was hungry, he would say: "Right you are, my boy. My great friend, Mr. Hill, will provide for us, God bless him!" And we would make our way to one of his orchards.

At first I thought that he really knew Mr. Hill.

Uncle Joe used to stand on the grass verge of the road casually whistling while I climbed through the hedge and picked some apples. Then we would eat

Uncle Joe had mislaid his ticket. It was obvious that Aunt Emmy took a poor view

"Okay, let's go through that again—but this time remember I put *my* head into *your* mouth"

them walking along the road like gipsies.

One day my aunt came back from one of her meetings in a very excited mood. They had put her in charge of a concert. All the village was to be there.

Uncle Joe said: "I'll help you out, Emmy. I can do a turn or two. Learnt 'em in the Army," and he took out his mouth-organ and began to polish it.

"You'll keep out of this," she said.

He stood still for a moment, hurt, then walked out. But later, while my aunt was preparing tea, I heard someone playing a mouth-organ in the garden.

He didn't come in to tea, though he stopped playing after a while. I don't think Aunt Emmy meant to hurt his feelings but she was so excited that she didn't know what she was doing. I think that by now she was feeling sorry for what she said. Several times she went to the window to see what he was doing and she kept his tea hot on the hob.

EVENTUALLY he came in and said: "To hell with you, Emmy—and everyone. I'm going." And he banged his way up the stairs, locking himself in his room.

I could hear him banging the furniture about that night as I was trying to get to sleep. After a while there was silence. I used to wait every evening for the bump as he took off his boots and threw them on the floor. I waited for hours that night, it seemed. I suppose he must have put them down quietly for once. I lay awake a long time thinking about it, tossing and turning in bed.

When I awoke the next morning I had forgotten all about the previous evening, and I skipped across the corridor in my pyjamas. As I opened the door, I saw that the bed had not been slept in. I looked underneath for the boots, too, and they were not there.

I tried to tell myself that he had just gone out for a walk.

I searched everywhere for him that morning. I was frightened that he was not coming back again. Perhaps he had gone back to the place he came from?

When I returned home that evening I was hoping he might be sitting by the porch waiting for me as I rounded the corner by the gate. But somehow I knew that he wasn't.

Later that evening Aunt Emmy and I were in the parlour. We had finished our tea—and the memory of having to force the food down my throat is still clear. Aunt Emmy nursed a cup of tea on her lap, a habit of hers when things went wrong. (We had tea at all hours when Uncle Joe came to stay.)

There was a still silence around the house, save for the quiet chink of her cup and saucer, and the twitters of the house-martins in the eaves. She was tired. She had been packing up his belongings in the battered old suit-case that he had dragged with him from the station that day. If he did come back again, she would be ready for him. She didn't want him around after the way he had treated her.

I was tired, too. I had pains in my legs through walking, and there was a dull throbbing under the arches of my feet. I tried to stop thinking about what might have happened to him, and tried to concentrate on something else. But everything that I had done seemed to be connected with him in some way or another.

Every time that I looked up I could see the photograph of my father on the mantelshelf, and in the half light it resembled my Uncle Joe more than before. I tried to convince myself that he was happier wherever he had gone. I tried hard but I couldn't.

Then the bell rang. In a moment I was on my feet and running, my heart pounding up into my mouth and the ache in my feet gone. I flung back the hall door against the stag's horns that we used to hang our coats on, and twisted the knob of the front door in both hands. On the step stood Mr. Grieg, the postmaster. He seemed to be hiding something.

"Can I see your aunt?" He spoke in a low, uneasy voice that was unlike him.

I led him into the parlour. Haltingly, he began, twisting whatever it was that he had to hide behind his back.

"I was up at Martin's Rock this afternoon, and I happened to catch hold of something in the long grass. It was this." He held out Uncle Joe's cap. One side of it was torn and covered with sandy soil from the Rock.

Aunt Emmy took it in her hands, and ran her long fingers over it. For a moment she said nothing, then: "You mean to say . . . the cliff?"

"'Fraid so, ma'am. Though we don't know just where yet. We're getting a search party out. We'll let you know as soon as we have any news." He laid a heavy hand on her shoulder. Then he was gone, banging the front door. My Aunt Emmy put the cap on the arm of the chair carefully, and went upstairs.

Faintly through the open window I could hear the sounds of sobbing coming from her room. It was the first time that I had heard her cry.

DOWN the road I could hear the ploughmen singing as they brought the horses in to Mr. Hill's farm, and the faint, peaceful hum of the bees on the late flowers came through from the garden. I turned from the window and picked up the cap from the arm of the chair. Strange how it looked as though it belonged to him. It seemed to have some of his character attached to it—like an old pair of shoes. Thinking it over to myself, it didn't seem much like a cap at all, now that it hadn't his head in it.

I wondered, too, how a thing like this could have happened and if Uncle Joe would feel comfortable in heaven without the cap. I doubted it.

I had been sitting there for a while, and it was growing dark quickly, when, rather than sit and do nothing, I thought I would go and join in the search. I didn't say anything to Aunt Emmy; she might not have let me go. I slipped out of the front door quietly.

There were a lot of people up on Martin's Rock, and over the edge in the sandy valley there were a lot more. They were moving across the bed of the valley, through the bracken and sparse vegetation like a line of beaters. On the top of the cliff where I sat the boys were running up and down, not knowing whether to join the men below or to play round the rocks.

To the left there was a steep path down into the valley which the gamekeepers had cut.

I hadn't been sitting there for long when there came a shout from down below. It was followed by another shout and a lot of waving and running. I ran to the top of the path, and slid and jumped down the soft sand. It wasn't more than thirty feet in all, and I was there in a matter of seconds.

Five or six people had gathered round someone on the ground. As I ran to them I began to weep to myself, drawing long sobs that hurt as I panted for breath. By the time I drew up, the five or six had grown to twenty or more. I pushed my way in. Uncle Joe was on his side and someone was holding his head. His face was ashen grey, and his head tended to loll on to his chest. No one said anything for a time.

Then quite suddenly I heard a gasp, and the sound of it in the stillness startled me. Pushing my head in between Mr. Grieg and someone else's leg, I heard another gasp—more of a groan this time, and I saw his hand move.

A pang of excitement went through me, and the tears I had been trying to hold back came to my eyes. Someone took hold of my arm to stop me going over and flinging myself on him.

Uncle Joe was now sitting up and scratching the back of his head. He was trying to grin—and then I knew that he was all right. He kept repeating something about this girl, Milly. After a while I realized that he was cursing at her.

They helped him to his feet and he said, smiling, that he supposed he must have fallen asleep and rolled down the cliff. Mr. Greig made him bend forward and shake his shaggy head, as if he had just come out of a bath and was trying to dry it. Someone took his arm, and they helped him up the path to the top. Then they tried to carry him home; but he wouldn't have it. He thanked them all and took hold of my hand, walking surely but slowly.

AS we walked he began to tell me how dangerous the cliff was, and I must be careful never to go near the edge. I said "yes" and squeezed his hand, although I knew *he* hadn't fallen over the cliff. I had seen the large empty bottle of demon-satisfier in the long grass where he had been lying, and I felt another—his flask in the pocket of his soiled coat that kept banging me on the shoulder.

Back at the house I handed him his cap. He looked at it and began to brush the mud away.

"It's a good cap," he said, "and could do with a clean anyway."

Then, making sure that my aunt was out in the kitchen getting him something to eat, he pulled the flask from his pocket, took a long swig, and then ruffled me on the head.

What they say about MANNERS

It must be terribly difficult to appear happy and well bred at the same time.—*Moncton Hoffe.*

Manners were invented to keep fools at a distance.—*Emerson.*

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire.*

After all, what would the English be without their sweet unreasonableness?—*John Galsworthy.*

As long as I live I'll spit in my parlour.—*Old proverb.*

One aspect of conventions which people who declaim against them lose sight of is that conventions make both joy and suffering easier to bear in a becoming manner.—*Joseph Conrad.*

Men make laws, women make manners.—*Guibert.*

A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs or vulgar aphorisms.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

Ill-nature at home is the great safety valve provided by a wise economist in order that we may be good-natured abroad. — *Charles Battell Loomis.*

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.—*Old proverb.*

There is always a best way of doing everything. Manners are the happy ways of doing things.—*Emerson.*

INSIDE THE RUSSIAN ZONE

by Heinrich Fraenkel

An authority on Germany, the author made several visits to both Eastern and Western zones before writing this article. Though born in Germany, he has lived in England for the past fifteen years, and has written several books, notably *The Other Germany* and *The Winning of the Peace.* His most recent book, *A Nation Divided,* will be published in November

TO REACH A LITTLE village in the Soviet Zone three hours' motoring distance from Berlin, took almost more time (and certainly more documentation) than a trip to Australia. It was a voyage of exploration into what, for the past three years, has been virtually unknown territory to Westerners.

Accompanying me was a German friend who had once lived in the locality for many years. Without his introductions, and those of our hostess, it would probably have been impossible for me to get any of the villagers to open their mouths. Even so, I came across much of the fear and suspicion which characterize the police state.

The first example came in an entirely accidental encounter with the caretaker of a new meeting hall built by the S.E.D., the Socialist Unity Party which is the Soviet-sponsored combination of Communists and some Socialists.

The S.E.D. reigns all over the zone, though two other parties, the L.D.P. (Liberals) and C.D.U. (Christian Democrats) are still tolerated. Recently other parties, such as the Peasants' Party, have appeared, but they are considered to be merely stooges for the S.E.D.

I asked the caretaker's son what sort of tuition he was getting at the new "Unity School," one of many which form the nucleus of the radical educational reform in the zone. Most, I know, have proved to be very successful.

Afraid For His Job

The boy's reply was lukewarm and rather disparaging. His father immediately shouted him down and protested that the school was absolutely perfect. He knew that criticism, even from his son, might lose him his snug little job. On a higher level I saw the same ban on free comment. It was during an educational conference attended by 200 teachers from all parts of Saxony.

One teacher, more brave than circumspect, interrupted the set chorus of praise for the work of the reorganized educational system to draw attention to the plight of many of the pupils—thousands of undernourished children in Leipzig and and other cities.

His plea that something should be done for these children was greeted with thunderous applause from the other delegates—but by an ominous silence from the platform.

After a tense pause, the chairman severely rebuked the speaker for his uncalled-for remarks, and the other delegates for their uncalled-for applause.

Every large city of Europe, he said, had its problems of nutrition. That was not what they were gathered to discuss. He then returned to the original purpose of the meeting—the regimented approval of the party's educational policy.

The courageous teacher probably met the same fate as another whom I found trying to escape into the Western Zone. This man, capable, without Nazi affiliations, had refused to join the S.E.D. The Russians had treated him well and respected his property. But the party bosses would not allow him to teach in any school.

While the caretaker's son has difficulty in getting instruction in the village school, and teachers are being prevented from teaching, thousands of young men and women between twenty and thirty are being crammed at special schools from which, after a year's course, they will go on to the universities. They are full of enthusiasm, inspiring to watch at work.

"Workers" Only Wanted

But here again the ideological bias and discrimination is apparent. No young men or women (women now make up as much as forty per cent of the population in many universities) are accepted for these classes unless they can prove a "proletarian" background, which includes education not above primary standards and "the right outlook."

More than ninety per cent are members of the S.E.D. In theory the other parties may propose candidates. In practice, these "do not usually prove to have the necessary qualifications."

A friend of mine, head of a large undertaking in Berlin, wished to hire an experienced business woman for an administrative job. The local Russian colonel approved the appointment, but an official of the S.E.D. forbade it. He claimed that the woman, a widow, was politically undesirable.

In fact, she had been anti-Nazi and her only mistake was in falling foul of the party official. She is now working as an agricultural labourer.

If she had indeed been arrested for "political unreliability," her chief jailer would have been ex-Colonel Markgraf, decorated by Hitler with the Knight's Cross, an ardent Nazi—and today Chief of Police in the Soviet Sector, supported by both Russians and S.E.D., his previous crimes forgiven because he has agreed to follow the party line.

For the S.E.D. party member the outlook is quite different. Those who conform are well, even luxuriously treated. Before the currency reform, at such clubs as the Kulturbund in Berlin, where right-thinking intellectuals spend their spare time, members could buy a good lunch for a few marks, ending with five cigarettes and a cup of coffee which, in themselves, were worth four or five times the price of the lunch. According to their importance, party members qualify for Russian gift parcels, which are issued in three separate grades and include flour, cigarettes, vodka and even caviare. In the Berlin suburb of Niederschoenhausen, where S.E.D. leaders such as Wilhelm Pieck live, there are bright new cars, neat maids, all the trimmings of "bourgeois respectability."

The Russians, though they have been in occupation for three years, are still almost as much a mystery to the Germans as they are to us.

There is a startling disparity in their educational standards. Many of the ordinary Russian soldiers are illiterate. Yet, of some of the officers, a German Doctor of Philosophy said to me: "On restricted rations, I cannot maintain a conversation with them for more than ten minutes. I am exhausted by then—they are such damned highbrows."

Their hospitality is boundless. Last year, at a castle near Dresden which they had taken over for distinguished guests, I was entertained to an enormous banquet and then asked what were my hobbies. Possibly to the surprise of my hosts, I answered that my only real vice was playing chess.

A car was immediately sent off, and returned soon afterwards with the best chess player in the district. I was told that he was at my disposal whenever I felt the urge to play a game. He was accommodated at the castle and remained there until I left.

Russian discipline is severe; there are no exceptions or excuses. In the early days of the occupation, some German women were raped by Russian soldiers as many as twenty or thirty times. Then the Russian authorities issued orders forbidding such excesses.

A few days later, a friend of mine saw a Russian officer shoot dead a Russian soldier who had merely accosted a German woman in the street.

Tale of the Ten Germans

The puzzling blend of severity, sentimentality and illogicality in the Russian character is summed up in Berlin's most popular story of the moment. A Russian soldier was marching ten Germans through the streets on their way to compulsory work in the uranium mines. A woman caught sight of one of the men and ran to embrace him.

The Russian escort, on learning that the woman was the man's wife, said: "Well, go on—go home with her." He beamed as he watched them hurry off—arm in arm.

He continued to march his squad down the street for some yards and then realized that he now had only nine men instead of ten. He promptly snatched a passing German from the pavement, prodded him into file with the others, and continued contentedly towards the uranium mines.

But for the industrial worker in the Eastern Zone, life is comfortable provided he is politically "sound," and works hard. The undertakings expropriated from war criminals have been turned into *Volkseigene Betriebe,* "people's own factories," which are run on a communal basis, with the

Continued on page 15

New lords of the manor: peasants settled by Russians in mansion formerly owned by wealthy landowner. Not all are satisfied with new way of life

They pay for their lodging

If you cheerfully give up your bedroom to a silkworm and feed it with non-stop meals, you will make a success of silk-farming—*if* you've got a mulberry tree

The silkworm spends its short life munching mulberry leaves. To save time for eating, it breathes through its sides

THE MULBERRY TREE in the garden where Mrs. Dorothy Williams lives stands roof-high with a trunk as thick as a man's body. Neighbours in Glenlyon Road, Eltham Park, London, are used to seeing someone picking its juicy black fruit in autumn, but this summer Mr. Williams was clambering about in the branches as early as June.

"Patience makes mulberry leaves into silk robes for a queen," says the proverb. He was picking leaves, often five hundred a day, to provide a meal for his wife's new lodgers—silkworms.

Mrs. Williams was drawn into sericulture—the cultivation of silkworms—by chance. A friend's daughter brought home some silkworms to look after during a school holiday. As a child Mrs. Williams had kept stranger pets than this; her father was a vet. Why not silk as well as fruit from the mulberry tree?

She wrote to Lullingstone Silk Farm, at Eynsford, Kent, for instructions and supplies. Lullingstone Castle is spreading the British silk idea to countries as far apart as the West Indies and the Congo. It has links with amateur silk farmers in hundreds of homes and schools in Britain.

The hatching of eggs for Mrs. Williams arrived in a tiny cardboard box just before Whitsun. She kept them dormant in the cool of the cellar while she made arrangements to house the silkworms.

Thousand Black Babies

Then she fixed up a makeshift incubator. A sheet of paper with the eggs was laid on a garden sieve. A small electric light bulb provided heat; a cloth draped round a clothes horse kept the heat in.

Silkworm graine, as it is called, is extremely light: between thirty-five and forty thousand eggs to the ounce. In a few days Mrs. Williams's sprinkling hatched into a thousand hairy black babies. They were half the length of the word *silk* in this print.

She cut strips of mulberry leaf for them, and when the baby worms climbed aboard, transferred the strips with tweezers to a rearing tray.

Her husband made the rearing tray, six feet long by three feet wide, from the bottom of an old green "pinoleum" sunblind, an arrangement of thin cane slats held together with an interwoven thread. This gave the worms the airy environment they needed.

Eating is a silkworm's profession, and he seldom stops. In five weeks or so he has to grow from nearly nothing to something more than the size of an overstuffed luxury cigarette. And at the end of thirty-five days of eating he has to produce a cocoon containing nearly two miles of silk.

Understandably he hasn't time to breathe through his mouth—it's always stuffed with leaf. He takes air instead through his sides. A silkworm has nine breathing holes on each side.

The Williamses fed their herd every four hours on fresh leaf with every trace of surface moisture removed (damp leaf is fatal). The worms grew at a tremendous pace. Mrs. Williams says that their hundreds of jaws munching at mulberry leaves made a whisper as of fine rain falling.

"I began to grow fond of the funny things," she says.

They outgrew one tray. Even with a second tray and four square yards of range, they were rather crowded (two hundred to the square yard is the ideal). Because of the unseasonable early summer they had to have a room to themselves. No draughts, no smell, no flies, constant temperature, adequate ventilation—there was only one thing for it: young Anthea Williams gave way to her mother's insect guests and let them have her bedroom.

Nap After Lunch

Four or five times in his month of life, after a six-day lunch, the silkworm takes a nap. He sits up with his stern silk-tethered to a leaf or the tray, and remains motionless as if dead. After eighteen to thirty-six hours, the worm's skin splits over the shoulders and he crawls out in a new suit.

After the first moult he is no longer black and hairy, but smooth and nearly white. He always leaves his old jaws behind with his old skin. The new dentures take six hours to harden. *Then* he starts to eat.

Mr. Williams worked his way over the mulberry tree, careful not to defoliate any branch entirely, especially at the tip. He was relieved when at last the worms turned restless and semi-transparent (rather like a white grape), showing that they were preparing to spin.

Mrs. Williams bought a bundle of straw. She made it into "stooks" tied together at the top with string and supported on mulberry twigs. When these were put on the trays the restless worms climbed up, flung out a safety net, and began spinning their cocoons.

Silkworm Became Bookworm

Throughout their eating lives silkworms store up liquid in their bodies to make silk. When their time comes they expel this through the spinarette (in the head) coated with a natural gum. The silk hardens on contact with the air. They work it into a tiny figure-of-eight pattern with their heads and three pairs of front feet.

They spin for three days. The finished cocoon looks like a large fat monkey-nut, pale orange in colour. In Anthea's bedroom one or two ambitious worms scorned the straw and spun cocoons high on the window curtains. Two chose the mirror. One dossed down on the floor in the corner, and another got bound up in a book.

The silkworm is a martyr to beauty; he spins himself a coffin in which mankind cremates him. The process, involving two hours in a temperature of 180 degrees Fahrenheit, is called "stifling." When, later, he is entirely despoiled of silk, the dried chrysalis goes for poultry food or as bait for fishing.

Left to himself inside the cocoon, the silkworm would change first to a chrysalis and then to a moth. The moth would eject an alkaline fluid from its head to soften the cocoon at one end, and crawl out. But this spoils the silk.

Mrs. Williams, herself, had no means of "stifling" to prevent her cocoons being spoiled for reeling. Instead, she sent them promptly to Lullingstone, and was complimented on their high quality.

The seven hundred and fifty cocoons she finally produced would provide enough first quality silk to make—after a lot of expensive processes—probably twenty-four silk handkerchiefs, a yard of satin, or half a dozen pairs of stockings.

Lullingstone Silk Farm pays half a crown per hundred for *reelable* cocoons produced by members of the public. This is nearly double the world market price. Normally it about pays for eggs, instructions, postage, and the necessary bits of home-made apparatus. Amateur silk farmers look upon sericulture as a hobby rather than a means of making money, though they should make a profit of about fifteen shillings per thousand cocoons.

Flowers From Cocoons

What was merely five weeks' fun for Mrs. Williams is a full-time job at Lullingstone. The silk farm produces and sells mulberry seed, seedlings, cuttings, silkworm graine, cocoons, raw silk, reeling machinery, finished silk products, souvenirs and various by-products.

In the firm's display room I saw students' boxes, silkworms preserved and modelled in all stages of development, posies of colourful flowers made from pierced cocoons (from which the moth has emerged), ties, brooches, handkerchiefs, lengths of luxurious cloth, and a large Lullingstone scarf with "King Silkworm" dominating the design. Requests

in silk

by JOHN MAY

—John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp

for advice and information come to the farm from all over the world. It's an unofficial "British Institute of Sericulture." Visitors total more than fifty thousand a year.

Zoë, Lady Hart Dyke, is responsible for Lullingstone. She kept silkworms as a girl and never lost her zest for them. In 1932 she began silk farming in earnest with a hand-winder and five thousand eggs from a London store. There was room to expand in the Hart Dyke's medieval Lullingstone Castle, but she struck dozens of snags.

Mulberry trees, eggs, information and machinery had originally all to be brought in from abroad—from Turkey, Italy, France, Cyprus, Palestine. There was trouble with customs, epidemics, sanctions, and many mishaps through sheer ignorance and inexperience.

Some Were Poisoned

Thirty-eight thousand eggs hatched accidentally one year in April—before there was a mulberry leaf out anywhere. Another batch died through being fed slightly fermented leaves. More still were killed by leaf poisoned with insecticide spray.

A million silkworms eat twenty tons of leaf in their five weeks of life and the farm has 100,000 in one visiting room alone. Over the years, Lady Hart Dyke has had twenty-two acres planted with mulberry. For easy leaf picking, the trees are pruned to bush height.

The latest importation is a hybrid called "Osigian." This mule-mulberry produces no fruit, putting all its energy into growing silkworm fodder in the form of giant leaves a foot long.

"There is no substitute for mulberry," her manager says. "Cocoons can be obtained from worms fed on lettuce or endive, but the silk is too brittle and the cocoons too small and soft to be reeled commercially." An Osigian cutting will begin growing leaves within six weeks of being stuck in the ground.

As production of cocoons at Lullingstone increased, winding became more than a hand-machine could manage. Lady Hart Dyke went to Milan and ordered a load of machinery which she admits she only dimly understood. Her ex-husband, Sir Oliver Hart Dyke, an engineer himself, assembled it and has since patented improved reeling equipment which is being exported to silk-producing countries.

Went to Italy to Learn

Next, she sent a friend to Italy to be apprenticed in a filature. The friend returned after five months speaking fluent Italian and ready to train other girls. Reeling off the threads of several cocoons so that they twist into one filament of uniform thickness (half as thick as human hair and with the same tensile strength as steel) is tricky work. In silk-producing countries it is claimed to be a hereditary gift, impossible for "foreigners" to master.

Lullingstone would not accept this, and nor do I. I watched an English girl seated at one of the machines. Cocoons floated before her in steaming water. She marshalled them by their leading threads like someone driving a fairy "four-in-hand." Spinning discs and tiny wheels guided the silk on its way, and eight main threads passed above her head to the gleaming silk-covered spindles behind.

She was busier than a musician playing a four-manual organ. Just as much as any olive-skinned Italian girl, she obviously had "silk in her veins."

Many countries are now content to send their cocoons to Lullingstone for experimental reeling. This is a development from exhibiting at such shows as the British Industries Fair—where the crush of onlookers round the silk farm's stand was so great that the floor twice gave way.

Proverb Comes True

"One of the most momentous times in the whole history of the silk farm," says Lady Hart Dyke, "was in November, 1936. I was asked if we could reel what was for us then a large quantity of silk at very short notice. It was for the royal coronation robes."

So the silk for the Queen's velvet coronation robes and her satin coronation dress, as well as the coronation robes of the Princesses, were produced in a burst of work with the wheels of the filature turning twenty hours a day.

Last summer, when Princess Elizabeth's engagement was announced, Lullingstone again raced time to produce silk for the royal weavers. It was incorporated in the train of Elizabeth's wedding dress.

Everybody was proud that this silk was entirely British. The eggs came from the British Crown Colony of Cyprus. The reeling machines had been designed and built in Britain. And cocoons from British homes and schools were included with the farm's own when Lullingstone rushed the royal silk through.

Mrs. Dorothy Williams and other amateur sericulturalists are wondering now about just one thing. *"Patience makes mulberry leaves into silk robes for a queen."* Does the proverb apply also to, say, royal christening gowns?

Lady Hart Dyke (left) and Major Field Bibb of Lullingstone Silk Farm show breeding cocoons to amateur silk farmer, Mrs. Dorothy Williams

Lullingstone has mastered the difficult craft of silk reeling. Here a worker immerses the cocoons in steaming water to loosen the silk threads for reeling

FREE SPEECH

Why there are so many bad eggs; Luxury exports puzzle Australians; Should girls be called up?

VISITING A FRIEND at a nearby farm the other day, I was shown sixty dozen eggs that had amassed over the past month. They were waiting for the local Ministry of Food van to call and collect them.

Despite repeated telephone calls, these eggs are still awaiting collection. Now I know why I have had five bad eggs within the last two weeks.—MRS. ENA LARGE, Vine Cottage, Bibury, Glos.

Makes Australians Wonder

WHILE AUSTRALIANS are only too happy to help British people eke out their rations by sending food parcels, we notice, with mixed feelings, that our shops are filling up with British-produced luxury goods.

There are expensive chocolate biscuits (far superior to our own), beautiful china, and similar luxuries.

We know that by exporting these products Britain is trying to regain her feet, but it is puzzling to find that while we are sending parcels as gifts, Britain sends us luxury foods for sale.

As a result, a great deal of misunderstanding about Britain's real economic position is being caused out here.—MRS. ELSIE L. DAVIES, 14 Richmond Street, Perth, West Australia.

Tuppence on the Bottle

SUFFERING WITH Parkinson's Disease for the past nine years, I always visit the same chemist for my medicine.

Since July 5, whenever I have returned my bottle to him for refilling (sometimes twice a week), he has paid me 2d. for the bottle.

Under the new scheme, he says, he is supposed to provide the bottle. If I provide it, I get the fee instead of him. So far, that bottle has actually earned me 2s.—H. W. GREGORY, Raskelf Road, Easingwold, Yorks.

Why not Girls, Too?

David Ferguson

SO FAR, the burden of peacetime conscription has fallen solely upon men. In my opinion, it's time the girls did their bit.

Extension of men's service due to lack of recruits would not be necessary if girls were to be called up for a period of nine months. They could then release men from clerical jobs, allow military training to be speeded up, and increase the number of men available for foreign service.

Also, as most girls are not "career women," call-up would not interfere with their trades and professions as it does with young men.—DAVID FERGUSON, The Chalet, Pilgrims Way, Reigate, Surrey.

Public Phones are Dirty . . .

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH'S good advice to prevent the spread of colds and disease is quite useless unless Government departments themselves set an example.

Public telephones, for instance, which probably spread more colds than anything else, are usually to be found in a disgraceful state.

In winter, when colds are so prevalent, main post offices in each area should maintain a regular daily cleaning service. Some instruments in public kiosks I have used recently did not appear to have been cleaned for weeks.—MISS JOYCE HULL, 13 Greyswood Street, London, S.W.16.

. . . Private Ones Hard to Get

I APPLIED TO HAVE a telephone installed in August, 1946. In August, 1947, I was promised that it would be fitted within two months. Nothing happened. Then, after many inquiries, I was told in May of this year that I could expect it by October.

Well, there's still a week to go but, as yet, I've heard nothing from the department concerned.—A. W. TOMALIN, 96 Wallwood Road, London, E.11.

Dilemma

Mrs. Sherlock and child

CAN ANYONE tell me what is missing in my life? I am busy, have enough responsibility, a child to bring up, a congenial position, very little leisure in which to brood—yet, despite all this, I still feel there is something I should be doing of greater service to the world.

During my five years' service in the A.T.S. I lost this anxiety. I am not a self-sacrificing martyr, and have my share of healthy egoism, but the dissatisfaction is real and sincere. I believe I am not alone in this perplexity, and think it is the basic reason for much of the unrest in the world today.

Religion is no answer to my problem. I don't crave salvation for myself, but some outlet for my ability to help others in a practical way.—MRS. J. SHERLOCK, Engine Cottage, Coed Poeth, near Wrexham, Denbigh.

Civil Service Purge Hysterical . . .

THE TWO ARTICLES by Miss X, entitled "I Was a Civil Service Communist" (JOHN BULL, August 28, September 4) were interesting as showing the way in which, apparently, a number of people chose to spend their spare time.

But my organization very much regrets that the articles may encourage the "purge" activities which at the moment are disgracing the Civil Service.

Some of our members, many of them authorities in their fields of work, and of the utmost value to the State, are being put in peril of their positions, by this spy hysteria.—STANLEY MAYNE, General Secretary, The Institution of Professional Civil Servants, 17 Hans Place, London, S.W.1.

Public telephones should receive regular daily cleaning service: Miss Joyce Hull

. . . Only Brushing the Surface

THE ORGANIZATION BEHIND this underground movement emphasizes the sinister, insidious and underhand methods employed by "the Party."

They must be eradicated from the Civil Service, and the only way of doing this seems to be the introduction of equally sinister methods—such as the secret police.

The present purge is doing no more than brushing the surface and driving the more dangerous elements still farther underground.—R. C. SHEPPERSON, 33a Tagwell Road, Droitwich Spa, Worcs.

Progressing Backwards

MRS. L. M. WILSON OF CLAPHAM, London, complained (JOHN BULL, September 4) that her name has been on the council housing list for two years without her number being changed. She ought to be glad that it has remained the same.

We have had our names on the list for sixteen years! Our number, originally 250, has somehow drifted farther and farther down the queue, and is now over a thousand!—MRS. J. S., Abingdon, Berks.

P.S.

On Husbands-in-Jail

"Husbands in Jail," by Harry Hopkins (JOHN BULL, *September 4*) *brought many letters from readers advocating reform of our separation laws. Here is a selection:*

MY WIFE and I lived together for only five days before I had to return to my job in another town. Though I found two suitable homes, my wife refused to leave her mother, with the result that I had to pay her maintenance at the rate of £2 a week. Later, through ill-health, I could not work and fell into arrears. I was brought to court, and given the alternative of paying or going to prison for two months. I went to prison. Since then ill-health has again prevented me from working, and the arrears now stand at £170—which I haven't an earthly chance of being able to settle.—*Another Victim.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

HUSBANDS don't always get the worst of it. I have the custody of two children, one six years of age, one eighteen months, for whose keep my husband was ordered to pay £2 a week. When he got into arrears of over £7, I took out a warrant against him, and two jovial magistrates asked him if he would try and pay off the arrears at the rate of 5s. a week. He has already notified both myself and the magistrates of his intention to clear off abroad in a few weeks—so I suppose I've "had it." Also, because of the Married Woman's Property Act, my husband was able to take possession of all our furniture, although it was all in my name.—*Separated Wife.* (*Full name and address enclosed.*)

MANY prominent people are today advocating revision of our marriage laws, and a few citizens of Birmingham have decided to try and get certain reforms speeded up. I am Hon. Treasurer of the Birmingham Marriage Law Reform Committee, and if any readers are interested I will send particulars.—*R. Llewellyn, 104 Dyas Avenue, Great Barr, Birmingham, 22a.*

HARRY HOPKINS states that imprisonment cancels debt in maintenance cases. Although this may happen on occasion, technically there is no such thing as "imprisonment for debt." Imprisonment is given for disobeying a court order, and the debt remains. Thus, as the law now stands, it is possible to play cat and mouse with a man who is suffering under a sense of injustice and wrong.—*A. E. Carpenter, 25 Church Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.*

***Harry Hopkins writes: Dr. J. D. Unwin, late Head, Cambridge University Settlement, expert on this subject, says: "... in regard to wife maintenance orders ... imprisonment definitely liquidates the debt, and is accepted in lieu of payment." Part payment of arrears also reduces sentence.*—EDITOR.

MAINTENANCE orders against husbands from whom they were separated was at one time the only means of survival for wives. Today conditions have changed, and one of the first sentences a wife throws at her husband in the event of a break-up is, "I can always keep myself." Usually (if there are no children), she is right, too; so putting husbands in jail is sheer nonsense.—*James Humphreys, 28 Weston Street, Nechells, Birmingham.*

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

INSIDE THE SOVIET ZONE: from page 11

Russian Stakhanov system of bonuses for extra output.

The amount of industrial equipment which the Russians have dismantled and taken away is impossible to assess but is obviously enormous. On many railways they have taken not only rolling stock but even the tracks, so that only single-line traffic can be worked.

Those factories which remain have to send seventy per cent of their output to Russia as reparations; the remaining thirty per cent they retain for their own use and for export.

At Meissen, where the famous Dresden china is made, the factory is working at full blast. "And does seventy per cent of all this go to Russia, too?" I asked.

"Officially, yes. But in practice we manage to 'divert' quite a bit, which stays here and is sold on the black market." In most factories about twenty per cent is thus "diverted," so that Russia and Germany are sharing the output on a fifty-fifty basis, even though that is not the Russian intention.

Problem of the "New" Peasants

The *Neubauern*, the "new peasants" who have been given the smallholdings into which the old Junker estates have been split, have been promised many things, from new houses to grants for the purchase of equipment.

But all of them complain of the severity with which they are forced to deliver their quota of produce. If they fail in the delivery of, say, eggs, they are liable to have a horse taken from their stables and the difference, if any, credited to them.

Many say that they wish they were working for their old employers, instead of being the nominal masters of their own land. The co-operative sharing of machinery has failed, and it is apparent that the farm units are too small to be worked economically.

The obvious solution, in the Soviet Zone, would have been the complete collectivization of the land. Oddly, it was because it was the obvious solution that the S.E.D. refused to adopt it. They were afraid of being accused of slavishly copying Soviet methods.

Where They Copy Russia

Yet in the one thing that counts most, the S.E.D. *has* copied Russia—in the unnecessarily brutal discrimination against anybody with a "bourgeois" background or a disinclination to conform to the party point of view. The heavy atmosphere of the police state hangs over the whole zone, obscuring all other changes, whether good or bad.

The bitterness of the men now leading the German political parties is probably beyond comprehension in this country. The violence of their personal hatreds excludes all hope of compromise.

Yet the vast majority of Germans, both West and East, are not interested in the conflicting ideologies of either the occupying Powers or their own parties. They want peace, an assured livelihood, a chance to recover from the effects of war and defeat.

They have a catch phrase which is interminably repeated: "*Wir sind nur der Spielball der Weltpolitik.*" "We are only the ball in the game of world politics."

With that they almost smugly wash their hands of the responsibility of deciding their own future. Perhaps, at the moment, there is not very much more that they *can* do.

HOW TO WATCH SOCCER

Watching soccer is an art. Often its finer points are missed by supporters over eager to see their side win

by JOHN ARLOTT

MOST FOOTBALL SPECTATORS are *supporters* — watching the match to see their side win rather than to admire the football of both teams. Now, I do not pretend to be a better man than my neighbour on the terraces—for there has been no more furious supporter than I. I do believe, however, that in our desire for our side to win we often miss much good football.

Every Saturday a hundred goalkeepers are cheered for dives that are not necessary. The goalkeeper flattens out in mid-air in a terrific dive, one fist gets to the ball and turns it round the post.

Anyone who watched the perfect goalkeeper, Harry Hibbs of Birmingham, will remember that he rarely dived. A shot would be made, and as it reached the goal-line, there was Hibbs waiting, hands open to receive it—because his anticipation was perfect.

Watch Frank Swift, the Manchester City goalkeeper. Despite the prodigious length of his kicking, he perceives the great value of rolling the ball to a half-back to start a movement rather than kicking it two-thirds the length of the field only for an opposing full-back to bang it straight back.

Similarly with a full-back. Like the goalkeeper's dive, the full-back's spurt is sometimes due to late starting or bad positioning.

Warneford Cresswell, the great Everton full-back, used to intercept passes on the halfway line and coolly push the ball to his half-back or inside forward. Often he looked as if he were idling through a game. Actually, by perfect positioning he was killing his opponents' attacks at inception and removing the need for a last-minute goal-line rescue.

Making Football Look Easy

It is easy, too, to be impressed by the long, high kick with which a full-back *overkicks* his own forwards. A full-back should "kick a length" just as the bowler at cricket should bowl a length.

At the present time, Howe of Derby County, Ramsay of Southampton, and Lock of Charlton Athletic are players who make full-back play look easy by these very gifts of anticipation, positioning and length-kicking.

I have watched two half-backs go through an entire First Division match without once kicking the ball hard. They were Stan Cullis, of the Wolves, and Willis Edwards, of Leeds United. Each merely stroked the ball with the inside of the foot to steer it to his nearest unmarked team-mate—placing the pass for it to be brought under control for the start of an attack.

Yet I remember a half-back, an international, who was booed out of a Second Division team because he habitually made ground passes to his forwards. Sometimes these passes were intercepted by fast or well-positioned defenders. When this happened the crowd would howl in anger.

Angry spectators are apt to stay away from matches, so the manager of the club gave in to them. That international wing-half, a man with football in his boots, was replaced by a bustler who kicked the ball high and long and clear so that no forward could bring it under control. Good football was sacrificed to brute strength.

The Inside Forward's Job

The most easily misjudged of all footballers is the inside forward, because his duties are so wide that they must inevitably conflict.

Some solve the problem by concentrating upon half of their duties. Thus Shackleton, of Sunderland, is an attacking forward. That is to say he rarely falls back to support his half-back. So his wing-half is often run off his feet—but Shackleton is usually "there" when the forward pass is made to the opposing goalmouth. Other inside forwards are expected to hang back and initiate attacks.

Another primary duty of the inside forward is to create openings. When, by a dribble or a feint or a quick turn, he opens up a gap in the opposing defence, he should push the ball into that gap. If the other forwards are not so quick of thought as he is, the ball may go into the gap with no forward following it through.

When this happens the crowd often blames the inside forward for making a bad pass. The real blame lies with the other forwards who were too slow to recognize the opening.

Of course, some inside forwards are over-elaborate. But how often one hears the crowd shout "Get rid of it" unfairly.

There is probably no greater inside forward in football today than Peter Doherty, of Huddersfield. Often Doherty goes into a dribble which disorganizes the defence but does not put Peter himself in a goal-scoring position. Then, when he looks for the best-placed of his fellow forwards to pass to, they may be heavily marked or not sufficiently far upfield.

So Doherty "holds" the ball until one forward *is* well-placed, instead of kicking the ball uselessly to an opposing defender merely because an impatient spectator shouts "Get rid of it."

One of an inside forward's main duties consists merely of taking up position and no more. The good inside man runs many hundreds of *necessary* yards in the course of a match without the slightest hope of receiving a pass. He tries to run to an unmarked position. Often he cannot do so but his attempt may draw the defenders away from his centre-forward or wingman who then receives the vital pass.

In that case he may play a major part in scoring without actually touching the ball.

This applies to centre-forwards, too. A centre-forward may deliberately "wander" out to the wing then, if the ball comes down the middle the disgruntled spectator will complain that the centre-forward ought to have been there. But if he has drawn the opposing centre-half to the wing with him he has created an opening in the centre, which the inside forward or winger should exploit.

Most of all in modern football it is really the wingman who offends by holding on too long. Again and again I see a wingman beat the half-back and then go gaily on to the corner flag and put over a perfectly placed centre—to a packed defence.

If he had placed a short pass inside immediately on beating the half-back, he might have set one of the inside forwards away to goal before the defence could muster.

The opportunities given to forwards in modern football rarely exist for more than a fraction of a second.

The forward, very frequently, has two imperfect alternatives. He may try to shoot even if the ball is too awkwardly placed for full control. It may then go wide or over the bar. Or he may try to control the ball and, by quick twist or turn or sidestep, attempt to re-create the opening.

Ball Control Essential

The controlled ball is the first necessity of good constructive football. Only constructive football brings goals consistently, and goals win matches. So, unless the situation is desperate, it is always better to bring the ball under control, even at risk of losing it, than to boot it first time and send it still out of control to a colleague.

The manager of a first-class football club knows his job—or he does not hold it long. The professional footballer makes the game his living and his study. It is so easy to miss skill in football that I would beg every spectator to watch a player closely before he jeers him off his game or out of big football.

By concentration on constructive ball-play, Matt Busby, the manager of Manchester United, has created a team that thousands of people go to watch without partisan feeling but to see good football. This should be the aim of every manager in England. But it will only come about if football crowds allow players and manager to follow out the theory.

The spectator has the loudest word. For the good of football he should support *good* football.

WITH MY FEET UP

Irma Gets Around

THE OTHER DAY I HAD the great pleasure of running into my old friend Irma Del Monico, the well-known international spy.

"*Ach! Mon cher amico! Was für es ist muy ágib!*" she exclaimed, throwing her arms round my neck.

"Wonderful to see you again," I said, somewhat taken aback by this mixture of languages. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Oh, *mi amigo*, I travel all over *le monde*. I have been in Russia, United States, France, Germany, South America, Spain and the first two syllables of Benelux."

* * *

"How's business in the spy world?" I asked.

"*Extrèmement* flourishing," she said. "But last week, when I was in Paris, I spy for myself, not for the countries. I steal the latest fashion ideas from the dress designers. How you like this new creation I wear?"

"It makes you look rather an odd shape," I said.

"Ha-ha, that bulge is not me—it is where I have hidden the secret papers."

"You have been in Russia?" I asked.

"*Da, konéshno!*" she replied. "I have taken to the great Stalin the Marshall plan details. Then, on my way back, I bring the Russian atom secrets."

"How did you do that?" I asked.

"At a party in the Kremlin," she said. "I am the toast of the evening. The high statesmen drink vodka out of my Russian boots. They try to drink me under the table. They succeed. It is when we are all *sous le table* that I get the atom plans."

* * * *

"Where are you off to next?" I asked.

"After Russia and America, I am tired of civilization," she said. "I go to the Congo."

"*Le* bongo, *el* bongo, *der* bongo," I said.

"*Comme vous êtes drôle!* In the Belgian Congo there is uranium. I shall wear my backless gown from Madrid and bring back all the statistics of production, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

"And then what?"

"I add the plans of the British rocket testing station in Australia which I stole yesterday and then, *nemocny*, everyone wants them."

"And who gets them?" I asked.

"*Quien sabe?*" she smiled mysteriously. "Perhaps *Señor* Stalin, or *Monsieur* Bevin, or *Herr* Truman, or Mr. Franco."

"You lead a busy life," I said.

"And a life *trés difficile*," she sighed. "My tobacconist has completely run out of drugged cigarettes."

by Ian Fox

Wide Boys are on the run

They're forced into sidelines these days. Now's the time to turn their retreat into a rout

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

IN ONE SENSE, it was a happy omen when the wide boys moved into the cigarette market and began to peddle 3s. 6d. packets of cigarettes at 6s. or 7s.—even though it may not have been a happy experience for those of us suffering from the shortage.

It was a sign that the black marketeers are not finding things so easy these days, that the really big "sucker" money is drying up.

In several directions there are signs that the black market is getting shaky. The slump is largely due to the public's purse-strings having tightened. People are spending less on luxury goods and are cutting out black market temptations.

The result is that the crooks have been forced to give up peddling many of their luxury lines and try to deal in such near-necessities as cigarettes.

If and when money flows more easily again, the black market racketeers hope to get back to the old way of business.

Whatever their prospects, they are still having some successes, many of them comparatively recent. Home-produced meat sold to hotels through the black market runs into thousands of hundredweights for this year alone. More than eight hundred thousand pigs, reared in farms all over the country, are unaccounted for.

Daily Call at Farms

Rabbits which used to arrive in Cardiff in loads of 15,000 to 20,000 a week, are now virtually unobtainable—certainly not at the controlled price. In various parts of Hereford, Worcester, Shropshire, Gloucestershire and other midland counties, lorries call daily at farms to collect rabbits for sale on the black market.

In the West of England, investigators are bringing to light a systematic diversion of tens of thousands of gallons of milk from its proper destination.

In the early part of this year, between four hundred and fifty and five hundred tons of sugar beet pulp found their way into the black market, where the price went up from £6 7s. 8d. a ton to £14 18s.

But a significant pointer to slacker "business" is the outbreak of robberies in recent months, aimed at getting hold of those commodities which can no longer be bought illegally from the producers.

Thus, thefts from railway trucks and depots have now become so serious that a special training establishment for railway police has been opened at Epsom.

Cigarettes and liquor have been stolen in increasingly large quantities. Recently five liquor warehouses were raided in one night.

The total haul was valued at £6,400, though it was worth many times that amount on the black market.

Behind many of the crooked deals is a man whom his associates variously call "The Boss," "Uncle," "The Baron" and "Lucky Harry." His real name is known to Scotland Yard, who have been making inquiries about him for twenty years—the file on him at the Yard is a foot high—without ever being able to catch him.

On the trail of racketeers: Det.-Supt. Arthur Thorp, Fraud Squad

"Lucky Harry," who has offices in London's West End and owns two cars and two country houses in addition to a flat in a London suburb, never contacts the men who do the actual jobs.

Underlings Take the Rap

The go-between work is done by his lieutenants, whom he pays handsomely, and whom he counts upon to take the rap for him. Every man in his organization knows that, if caught, "Lucky Harry" will stick by him and his dependants.

Many have been to prison, none has given him away. One, accused of conspiracies for which Harry was ultimately responsible, took to drinking heavily during the time he was on bail and is now in a mental home. But his family receives a regular income from "Lucky Harry."

"Lucky Harry" has fingers in many pies. Recently Scotland Yard was trying to get information to connect him with the flying of several ex-R.A.F. planes and a consignment of arms to the Middle East.

He was also the brains behind an illicit scheme to send food parcels to the Continent. Thousands of people with relatives on the Continent sent cheques to an address, but few parcels ever arrived at the Continental destinations, and Scotland Yard is now being inundated with complaints from the victims.

"Lucky Harry," dealing in cigars, cigarettes, wines, spirits, gowns, poultry (in one case he arranged for ten thousand chickens to change hands unlawfully), rolls of cloth, cosmetics and stolen furs, has been making something like £25,000 a year, even after paying his heavy overheads and salaries to the crooks who work under him.

When one surveys all this, the wages of black market racketeering still appear to be pretty attractive. But the wide boys themselves know that trading prospect are not as good as they were.

Apart from taking on the difficult job of moving into the cigarette market, there is a steady trend away from simple black market transactions (which carry comparatively light penalties) towards the more risky policy of theft (which may mean heavy prison sentences for the men who are caught).

Now that the red-and-white petrol distinctions have interfered with the illegal sale of petrol, the crooks have even been driven back in desperation to forging white petrol coupons—and forgery is a most serious crime.

They Like an Easy Life

The spiv, the wide boy, the black marketeer are not carefree adventurers; they are cautious and cunning, with a great preference for an easy life. When they go in for theft and forgery it is only because they have to. This is a hazardous business, with Detective-Superintendent Arthur Thorp, in charge of Scotland Yard's Fraud Squad, always on their trail.

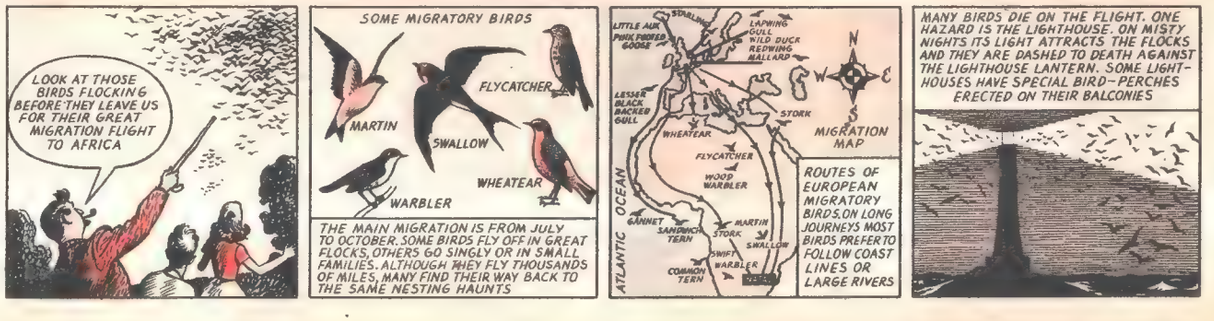
Whether they will get back into "business" depends not on the understaffed police or the over-worked Ministry investigators—who can never hope to deal with the problem unaided—but on you and me, and all the others like us. Customers are the people ultimately responsible for keeping the black market going. If we refuse to buy, the market must cease to exist.

Now is the time to make up our minds, because now is the time when we could rid ourselves of this evil.

If we determine that our social consciences shall conquer our desire to get a little bit more than the next man, we can convert this temporary retreat of the wide boys into a decisive rout.

UNCLE ANDY

Away for the Winter


LOOK AT THOSE BIRDS FLOCKING BEFORE THEY LEAVE US FOR THEIR GREAT MIGRATION FLIGHT TO AFRICA
SOME MIGRATORY BIRDS
MARTIN
SWALLOW
FLYCATCHER
WHEATEAR
WARBLER
THE MAIN MIGRATION IS FROM JULY TO OCTOBER. SOME BIRDS FLY OFF IN GREAT FLOCKS, OTHERS GO SINGLY OR IN SMALL FAMILIES. ALTHOUGH THEY FLY THOUSANDS OF MILES, MANY FIND THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SAME NESTING HAUNTS
LITTLE AUK
PINK FOOTED GOOSE
STARLING
LAPWING
GULL
WILD DUCK
REDWING
MALLARD
LESSER BLACK BACKED GULL
STORK
WHEATEAR
FLYCATCHER
WOOD WARBLER
GANNET
SANDWICH TERN
COMMON TERN
SWIFT
MARTIN
SWALLOW
ATLANTIC OCEAN
N
W
E
S
MIGRATION MAP
ROUTES OF EUROPEAN MIGRATORY BIRDS. ON LONG JOURNEYS MOST BIRDS PREFER TO FOLLOW COAST LINES OR LARGE RIVERS
MANY BIRDS DIE ON THE FLIGHT. ONE HAZARD IS THE LIGHTHOUSE. ON MISTY NIGHTS ITS LIGHT ATTRACTS THE FLOCKS AND THEY ARE DASHED TO DEATH AGAINST THE LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN. SOME LIGHTHOUSES HAVE SPECIAL BIRD-PERCHES ERECTED ON THEIR BALCONIES

They all watched Rios. Clare stared in horror at his glowing eyes. "Yes," he cried again, "you shall come with me!"

DEFEAT AT BITTER SPRINGS

by MICHAEL HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

A holiday with Miss Perrot wasn't going to be much fun, Clare thought. She hadn't reckoned with Rios, the bandit

BORDER TOWNS are like poor relations, trying to be something and failing because they're really something else. Laredo is that way, conscious that it's America, trying to be America and impress. But the Mexican tide has flowed over it and left it half-caste.

Clare Milling had read that somewhere, and expected Bitter Springs to be the same. It wasn't. It was like a mortuary set in a burial-ground ready for a battle that hadn't happened. The only feature in its favour was a patch of shadow cast by a semi-derelict shack of disproportionate length.

Behind their car, which Miss Perrot was bringing to a standstill, was a purgatory of hard, sun-baked land, dust and heat. Looking ahead, there was Mexico. It was, Clare thought, like peering into a mirror. There was the reflection of the same purgatory. Her book-learning told her there was a river somewhere. She couldn't see it. Maybe it had dried up.

"There! I was sure we'd gone wrong," said Miss Perrot, contriving to suggest that Clare, who couldn't have known the district because she was almost straight from England, was to blame.

"Do we have to go back far?" Clare asked, quailing at the thought of the return journey.

"I want somebody to look at the car first. It's just like my brother, lending me something that isn't in running order. He told me he'd had it overhauled, too. I'll have something to say about this!"

Clare felt swift sympathy towards the rather mild, plump little man who worked in a shipping office in Galveston and had foregone his pleasure motoring for a few weeks in order that his sister could use the car for a vacation in Mexico. Then her thoughts were broken by the raucous blare of the horn as Miss Perrot pressed the button with an impatient thumb.

"There must be somebody in this place!" she exclaimed irritably. "No, don't get out, Clare. We'll make them come to us. It's obviously high time somebody taught them a lesson about service."

A door opened and banged with a rattle of loose hinges. A thin man with a shrunken, sun-tanned face came towards the car, dragging his left foot so that it stirred up the dust a little.

"This is Bitter Springs, is it?" demanded Miss Perrot. (She always talks as though she's in class, thought Clare.)

"Yes, ma'am."

"It doesn't look much of a place to me."

The man's lips crinkled into a well-worn smile. "It isn't," he confessed. "You see, they didn't bring the road this way. 'Twas reckoned they would."

"I shouldn't judge there's much business here."

He shook his head. "There ain't. A few farms—over the ridge there. An' if you go off that way"—he pointed through the shack—"you'll come to Mule Corner. Not," he added, "that there's much there, either."

"Can we get a rest—and a bite of food—and have the car overhauled?"

The smile reappeared. "Yes, ma'am. You c'n stay a few days if you like. I've two or three clean rooms."

"What? Here?" Miss Perrot's voice was expressive. The man wasn't angered. He showed diplomatic powers. "What would be wrong with the car?" he asked.

"Couldn't tell you." Miss Perrot was grudging; she didn't like admitting ignorance. It was bad, she felt, in a teacher. "There's a knocking; but I'm no mechanic."

"Maybe you'd like to go inside and wait. The second door. You'll find my wife there. Oh! And there's a visitor."

SOMETHING in his voice made Miss Perrot ask: "You mean a paying visitor?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What on earth brings him here?"

The man began to turn away. "Sunsets," he said. "He paints pictures."

Miss Perrot sniffed. She looked on all forms of art as the extras which doting parents, rather tiresomely, insisted upon for their children.

Clare watched her climb out of the car and stretch herself. She wondered if Mexico would be sufficient compensation for enduring Miss Perrot. Looking back on her own childhood she dimly remembered a similar angular figure with a vinegary tongue. Were all headmistresses alike, American or English?

"Come on, Clare!" said Miss Perrot impatiently. "We might be able to get a cup of coffee. The dust seems to have coated my throat."

Clare followed. Seen at closer range the shack wasn't quite so bad. There'd been an attempt to scratch the dry soil and plant a few flowers. They were struggling to live, with yellow, limp leaves.

The second door had recently been fitted with close wire mesh, presumably to keep flies out. Above it was a signboard in off-white letters on a dull green background. Miss Perrot stared up at it and read it aloud: *Bitter Springs. Jed Marsh.*

She sniffed. "I suppose that was Marsh who came out to us. He can't have much drive, staying at a place like this." She opened the door and went in. Following her, Clare saw a scraggy girl in a print dress darting away like a scared rabbit. Evidently she'd been watching them. Her voice, harsh and shrill, came back to them from the passage at the rear of the room.

"Mrs. Marsh! Mrs. Marsh!"

Nearer, a soft, drawling voice said: "Good morning."

Miss Perrot turned to look with disapproval. There was a young man rising from a chair. He was wearing grey slacks daubed with an assortment of paint splashes, and a crumpled white shirt open at the neck. His face was long; but even so, Clare thought, his nose was too long for it. His chin suggested weakness. There was a dreamy quality about his eyes. Clare felt that he was looking at something else, as well as themselves, and that he was more interested in the something else.

"Good morning," said Miss Perrot abruptly. "I suppose you're a visitor here?"

"Yes," he said slowly, as if considering the point for the first time. "I

suppose I am what you would call a visitor."

"You'll know when they hand you your bill," said Miss Perrot acidly. She was sure about the young man, very sure. He could be classed as a dreamer. You had a few of them in every school. They stared out of the window instead of attending to their lessons. They grew up and went in for art—or Communism. Well, she wasn't going to waste any more time over *him*.

The door through which the scraggy girl had bolted remained open, and from the passage to which it led came the murmur of voices. "Evidently you have to chase up your service," she said crisply.

"Shall I go?" Clare offered, feeling over-exposed. It was the way the artist man was staring at her. She wanted to turn round and snap: "You're wrong—there isn't a mole on my left leg!"

"I'll go," Miss Perrot decided. "I've lived in these parts and know how to stir them up."

So Clare was left alone. She turned and looked coldly at the artist. No, on second thoughts, his stare wasn't offensive. He was a man looking at a picture. Then he smiled, and he was just a man.

"Are you her companion?" he asked. There was implied sympathy in his voice.

Clare shook her head. "We're teachers," she explained. "She's from New Orleans, I'm from England. She happens to be the headmistress and I'm an exchange teacher for a year. She's persuaded me to go on vacation with her to Mexico—probably because I've a smattering of Spanish."

He nodded. "Mexico," he said softly. Then he shook his head. "It smells."

"You've been there, then?"

"Only as far as Monterrey—which sets out to be a home from home for American tourists. That was three summers back. I'm wiser, and lazier, now. I let Mexico come to me."

"I don't follow."

"Diego Rios. You haven't heard of him? He calls himself a patriot and a guerrilla leader. In actual fact he's a greasy, garlic-breathed bandit. He raids over here pretty frequently. I've painted his picture. My name's Stephen Strang. You won't have heard of me. Nobody has."

"Maybe, some day," Clare murmured encouragingly.

"Who knows? It might be different if I finished a picture."

"Don't you?"

He looked at her blankly, then shook his head. "Somehow I always tire of it before the end, and develop a wild enthusiasm for the next." He looked down at the daubs of paint on his trousers. "No staying power," he confessed. "I've always been that way."

Miss Perrot returned, accompanied by a plump little woman in a flamboyant overall.

"I've found Mrs. Marsh," Miss Perrot announced. "She's just telling me of——"

But Mrs. Marsh needed no interpreter. Her voice was like water chattering over a stone, and her pauses for breath were infrequent.

"Florrie's not much good but she's as plain as they make them, which is the big thing around here with that horrible Rios always coming across the border and carrying the girls off."

Miss Perrot, as an argus-eyed guardian of morals, was shocked. "It's abominable!" she exclaimed. "What are the authorities doing? Why hasn't the Governor been informed?"

Mrs. Marsh went into flood again. "I don't know that it would do much good because take the last one, Irene. Rios took her away and she screamed so that you could hear her for miles, but he thought she was too thin and sold her to one of his lieutenants, and only last week Irene was back over here looking us up for old times' sake. I hardly recognized her at first in her fine clothes; when I asked her if she'd escaped from the bandits she just laughed at me and said I didn't know anything."

Miss Perrot's rather thin lips tightened. "There's too much laxity with young people nowadays," she said severely. "I used to live in these parts, teaching over at Tree Forks, and I know I didn't bring up girls to behave that way."

"So you know these parts?" said Mrs. Marsh.

"Yes. I've always been more interested in people than in places, though. That's how I came to make a mistake twenty miles back. I didn't know which road to follow. There should have been a signpost."

Clare found the evening dull, a trailing-out ending to a trying day. There'd been the early rising after a poor night's sleep, the drive through the increasing heat and dust with very little scenery to atone for the discomfort.

Miss Perrot hadn't enjoyed lunch, she was impatient at the delay, appalled at the prospect of having to spend the night at Bitter Springs, and irritable about the prospect of driving back twenty miles to make a fresh start for the border.

"We should have been in Mexico by now," she kept on saying as a constant refrain to an interminable *miserére*.

But in the end she exhausted herself and sat in a chair judging a novel. At intervals she shook her head and muttered: "Definitely not a suitable book for the school library."

Clare was bent over another volume, making last-minute repairs to her Spanish. She looked up occasionally, when somebody else came into the room and there was the relief of conversation.

Once, it was Jed Marsh, dragging his foot, looking hot and dusty.

"How long now?" Miss Perrot demanded.

He performed the dual feat of answering and keeping a brown-tipped hand-rolled cigarette between his lips. "You've run a big end. Doubt if I'll be done tonight. Fix you for an early start tomorrow though."

When he'd shuffled out, Miss Perrot said acidly: "I expect it's a device to keep us here for tonight. There doesn't seem much business. They're glad to have us." She added: "I shan't leave a tip for that girl. There was a filthy old duster left right on my pillow. And all the time you speak to her she sniffs."

Then Mrs. Marsh came in, reverently holding a large sheet of stiff paper on which a man's head had been drawn in charcoal. Overhanging black hair and a thick, bushy moustache were the most prominent characteristics.

"This is that horrible Rios," she said. "That clever Mr. Strang did this. It looks as though the right ear's missing but it isn't because what happened was Mr. Strang changed his mind and decided to do a painting instead."

"Awful looking man," said Miss Perrot, with distaste. "Not so very old either—unless this flatters him."

"I wondered if you'd recognize him you having been in these parts before because he says he's always been around here and it would be funny if you'd met him and didn't know who he was."

Miss Perrot frowned in an attempt to understand. Then, grasping the meaning at last, she said: "I'm not good at remembering faces. I find I remember mannerisms better. There was one boy I taught and I remembered him, years afterwards, immediately I saw him start to waggle his foot. He was a bank manager." She added this proudly, evidently regarding it as a testimonial to her powers of training the young character.

"It's funny, looking back," she went on. "I can't remember any faces—but I can still see all sorts of mannerisms. Probably because I tried to stop several of them. There was a girl who always used to squint her eyes up when she was amused, and a boy who used to pinch his chin when he was trying to think, and another who. . . ."

This might have gone on for a long time, only the door opened and Stephen Strang came in carrying a canvas. He carefully set it down against a leg of a small table.

"Have you done another painting, Mr. Strang?" Mrs. Marsh asked. There was an air of vague patronage.

He blinked at her for a second or so, as if considering a problem in composition, then said: "No, not really. It didn't seem to be turning out quite the way I wanted; but perhaps I'm selecting the wrong time. Time, you see, is a mood of place."

Mrs. Marsh nodded her head energetically; but her eyes and the deeping of the frown between them hinted that she was completely out of her depth.

Strang seemed pleased with the phrase. He said it again. "A mood of place. Having selected place, you must determine the time which shows its quality to best advantage." He went on quickly: "An interior by oil lamp with the warm shadows—they seem to have more substance, though they're not so sharply defined. Out there . . ." his voice trailed off to a murmur and lost itself in thought, then came up again. "Dawn, I think. Yes, the purer light picking out the detail, awakening it from the obscurity of night. Dawn. I can creep out without disturbing anybody."

"Lord!" cried Mrs. Marsh. "You'll need some tea first. Florrie's around early most mornings; but you can't rely on her. That's the trouble with these girls you never know what they're going to do."

Clare found herself wondering what it would be like to stay at Bitter Springs, with Mrs. Marsh pouring out her complaints about servants, with the unattractive Florrie leaving cleaning things around in the bedrooms, with Jed Marsh dragging his foot and with Stephen Strang never finishing a painting.

It was an unattractive prospect, yet there was a peculiar fascination about it; like stepping aside from your own life. She thought: There might even be a chance of making Stephen Strang finish something, putting him on the road to somewhere. And: At times, he's got something, when he speaks his thoughts.

A little of the colour faded from the Mexican dream. Perhaps the place was dirty and smelly, a mirage which broke up into a horde of flies when you reached it.

The door banged again as Jed Marsh came in. "I've moved the car into the shed," he announced.

"Is it done?" asked Miss Perrot crisply.

"No. It ain't finished. But you'll be all right for your start tomorrow. I'll do a bit more after I've had a rest."

"I don't want to be late starting," said Miss Perrot in a grudging tone.

"You won't," he said, slumping into a chair.

"If only they'd continued the road so that one could cross the border from here," Miss Perrot exclaimed.

"But they didn't," said Jed Marsh gloomily. "There's only a rough track and a place where a horse c'n swim across. Suits Rios; but it wouldn't improve your car any."

Miss Perrot went back to her book, fiddling nervously with the corners of the leaves. Strang began to draw idly on a scrap of paper. Clare thought: Me. Only he won't finish it so it will probably be me without my hair. Unless he's started at the other end. And she pulled her skirt down slightly.

Mrs. Marsh had vanished; but she came along the passage to say, with a mixture of alarm and relish: "Jed, I can hear horses coming from the river trail." Behind her was a squawk of alarm and a patter of steps. Florrie, of course, running from a danger which only existed in her mind.

"Comin' tonight of all nights," growled Jed.

Miss Perrot stiffened in her chair. "Aren't there any Rangers around these parts?" she asked.

Her question remained unanswered.

They could all hear the horses now. Jed Marsh stood up. He seemed

Continued on page 21

THIS WEEK'S COVER

A. R. THOMSON, R.A., this week's cover artist, says that when the eminent painter John Singer Sargent had trouble with a portrait he retired behind a studio screen and made faces at his sitter. But it's no use doing that with a child, says Thomson. If a boy must roll about, the artist must find a method to paint him. Judging from Thomson's portrait of himself in "action," he is almost stumped for a method this time

THE HUMAN MACHINE

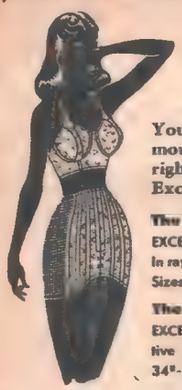
Live Each Day

THOMAS CARLYLE once wrote: "Our main business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand." Carlyle was only one of many to think this way.

Horace, the Roman poet, wrote: "He will be master of himself and a happy man, who from day to day can say, 'I have lived'." The famous American writer, Dale Carnegie, said: "One of the tragic things about human nature is that all of us try to put off living. We are all dreaming of some magical rose garden over the horizon, instead of enjoying the roses that bloom outside our window today."

I am not decrying foresight nor running down planning and constructive imagination. But these virtues become vices if they distract you from what has to be done *today*. What you do *now* and how you do it, alone determine what you will do tomorrow. It is the only foundation on which you can build.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



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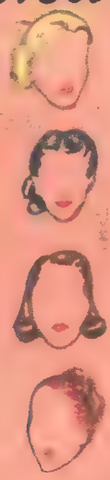

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DEFEAT AT BITTER SPRINGS

Continued from page 18

undecided. "Maybe if I could talk to him nice," he murmured.

"Send him away, Jed," Mrs. Marsh encouraged. "But be careful. He turns ugly sometimes. Don't forget the railway man from Dallas."

"Ah!" said Jed, with a sinister relish. "The railway man from Dallas."

Miss Perrot remained calm and practical. "It's a good thing you hadn't finished that car," she said. "He can't very well steal it."

Clare felt a quiver of apprehension, a reminder that this was really happening. She experienced a violent homesickness for Putney.

The noise outside increased to pandemonium, died abruptly. The door opened, just as Jed Marsh was moving towards it. The man who came in was, Clare saw, a rather flabbier version of the sketch which Mrs. Marsh had shown to them earlier.

He was dressed in faded finery, suggesting that he belonged to a show which had had a long and unsuccessful tour. Some of the embroidery which ran down his trousers had worn to untidy threads. The *sarape* which was flung over one shoulder had once been gaily coloured; but was now faded. A cartridge-belt constricted his middle, and fat bulged voluptuously above it.

"*Buenas tardes!*" he said in a bubbling, oily voice, sweeping a great hat from his head.

"Good evening, Rios," said Jed Marsh nervously. "I hope you haven't come to bring us trouble."

Rios laughed. "Trouble? I never bring trouble to my friends." His jackdaw eyes looked acquisitively round the room.

"How about a drink?" Jed Marsh asked nervously. He produced a bottle of spirits and poured a placating measure into a glass.

As Rios drank greedily, Clare saw a worn leather holster at the side of his belt, and the dull gleam of a revolver. She felt uneasy, and looked appealingly towards Strang. He was the only one, she felt, who could tackle Rios. She thought: This repulsive bandit has noticed me. It may mean trouble. If Strang protects me I—I'll stay here. Miss Perrot can go alone to her precious Mexico. If Rios is a sample of Mexico, anyone can have it.

Rios moistened his lips. "*Bueno,*" he said. "Give me more."

Jed obeyed. The neck of the bottle clinked nervously against the glass, like the sound of chattering teeth. Rios looked at the glass critically, drained it and reached out for the bottle.

"Take it steady, Rios," Mrs. Marsh urged; there was a timid quiver in her voice.

Rios laughed. "Maybe I feel a little wicked tonight, eh? It has been very dull. Is that girl who sniffs still here?"

Mrs. Marsh hesitated. Nodded her head.

"That was unkind of you," Rios complained. "Why did you not get another like that Irene—only with a little more flesh on her bones." He turned slowly and his dark eyes seemed to scorch at Clare's skin. "More like her." He stepped across the room to her chair. "Maybe you would like to come with me, eh? It would be a good life." He poured another drink, emptied the glass and tossed it aside. It splintered on the bare boards over by the passage. He waved the bottle, spilling wine. "Yes. You shall come with me," he cried again.

Clare stared in horror at his glowing eyes. It required a tremendous effort to look away from him, to send an appealing glance to Strang. And hope died. Strang was worried, right enough, but

Continued on next page

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

I Do So Envy the Producer!

The actresses all make a fuss of him, no matter what he looks like

NOW THAT we're almost into October, there must be thousands of little groups all over the country who are looking forward to their favourite indoor sport—amateur dramatics. Now is the time for choosing the play, and that very delicate business of allotting the parts without hurting too many members' feelings—the first preparations for the grand performance in the local hall, somewhere around Christmas.

I don't know whether anyone's ever made a scientific study of the difference between the average man's and the average woman's attitude towards acting, but, in my experience, more women are eager to act than men. Every amateur company I've had anything to do with has had more would-be actresses than actors.

Some men, I suppose, would say that's because acting comes more naturally to a woman. But I'm inclined to think it's because a woman's got more courage—or, at any rate, more confidence in her ability to charm an audience. A man tends to hang back, not because he dislikes acting, but because he's more frightened of making a fool of himself.

Behind the Scenes for Me

There's nothing I like better than mucking about in the theatre—whether amateur or professional. But I've never much fancied myself as an actor. I feel much happier behind the scenes, helping with the scenery, or doing the prompting—or even in the very humble capacity of the chap who writes the words.

The man I've always envied in the theatre is the producer. For one thing, the women make such a fuss of him. He's the actresses' darling—no matter what he looks like. The most handsome male stars don't stand a chance beside him. And if you want to know what he's got that other men haven't got, the answer, of course, is that he's got everything that matters to the would-be actress—the power to give her the part she wants to play.

Maybe a producer's popularity has got its drawbacks—especially if there aren't enough parts to go round. And I suppose producers get hardened to actresses' adoration after a while. All the same, it must be a very pleasant sensation when you first take on the job.

What I really envy the theatrical producer is his power to create; to take words and actors and pieces of painted canvas, and to work on them until they become a living play; something that will move his audience to laughter and tears—and, at its greatest, give them an experience that may colour their thoughts for the rest of their lives.

That, of course, is the ideal. I imagine most producers, especially of amateur companies, are content with a little less than that. If only the audience laughs in the right place, perhaps. Sometimes—even—if only the audience doesn't laugh in the wrong place. So much depends on the play, the performance and the people.

I once saw an amateur company performing a play to an audience that contained a number of Chinese seamen—who sat happily looking at the red plush curtain all through the intervals, but went out every time the curtain went up.

The first time it happened, I thought they'd gone for good. But, at the next interval, they were all back in their seats, looking happily at the curtain. Then, as soon as the play started again, out they went again. Everything quite as it should be, but the wrong way about.

After the performance, these Chinese chaps gave a party for the actors, and said how much they'd enjoyed the show. As I looked at their satisfied, smiling faces, it was obvious they *had* enjoyed it. But exactly what parts of it I've never been able to decide.

Still, for most amateur companies, who give only one or two performances a season, what exactly the audience enjoys about it doesn't really matter very much. It's grand, of course, to feel you've made a deep impression on the audience when the great performance comes. But the real pleasure, I think, lies in the weeks of rehearsal beforehand—in the delight of taking something out of a book and bringing it to life.

Become a New Person

That's when you get the real savour of the play—when you go delving into the author's words; thinking of all the different ways each sentence can be said, and gradually building up your new character in your mind, until you can feel everything the author is trying to convey.

If you want to get away from everyday worries for a while, I don't know of anything better than trying to play a character that is not your own. You step right out of your everyday self, like stepping out of an old pair of trousers. For a few hours you can be somebody else. And you come back to yourself again, afterwards, feeling all refreshed—perhaps even with a new outlook on life.

As I say, I've never much fancied being an actor. But I do like the sensation of stepping out of myself for a while—provided I'm not expected to give a public performance.

What I like to do is to release the personal controls for a while; not to *try* to be another character, but simply to put myself into the hands of a producer, and let him turn me into the character he wants—if he can.

The other day, a film director telephoned to ask if he could use my voice. I wasn't very keen. I told him I couldn't act—not even as an anonymous unseen voice. But he seemed anxious to make the experiment, so I went along. One of the sentences I had to say was: "Yes, they were all there." Quite simple. Until I tried it.

I Tussled with Five Words

I don't know how many different ways there are of saying: "Yes, they were all there." But I think I must have tried about fifty ways—which seemed to include every way except the one way the director wanted it.

Then I gave up. I said: "Well, there's the voice. It's yours if you can get it. I can't." And as soon as I'd said that, out it came. "Yes, they were all there." Just what the director had asked for.

All I'd done was to sit there and lend him my voice. He could do far more with it than I could. It was one of the pleasantest experiences I've ever had. If you can get all that out of "Yes, they were all there," think what you can get out of a whole play!

Of course, when you're doing it simply for your own pleasure, you don't need a theatre or a film studio. A few friends reading a play round the parlour fire is just as good, provided you first choose one to be producer, and put yourselves entirely in his or her hands.

And if you want to give a public performance, you needn't go to the expense of a hall and costumes. You can ask the neighbours in for a "radio" performance—with a sheet pinned up between the actors and the audience to give the radio effect.

COME TO OUR PARTY

THESE sixteen readers, just back from a glorious Swiss holiday won in *Bullets*, have learnt for themselves the measure of JOHN BULL's hospitality.

Our next gathering of successful "Bulleteers" is the week-end party, full of thrills and entertainments, which is shortly to be held in London to celebrate the 36th Birthday of our famous competition. With your coupon below, in a quiet half-hour this evening, you can win both a big cheque and a double invitation to the *Bullets* jamboree.

Study this week's winners—then turn to the *Examples* and join in this amusing battle of words. You will enjoy every minute of it—and you will be all ready for next week's outstanding birthday offer of prizes value over £1,400.

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BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Oct. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Patient John	Learning To Drive
What We Eat	Village Villain
Profiteer's Paradise	Blown Up
Tower Of Strength	Grandma Believes
When Winter Comes	Whizzing Past
Adversity's Punch-ball	In A Blaze Of Glory
The Old Brigade	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Cigarettes From Far And Near	In Britain's.....
Walked Into	Before She.....
If He's Wise	Sampled The.....
Rescued	.....Chanced It And
In The Train	Added To .....
Healthy Youngster	Who'd Be A...When

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crossword help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 16, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,649 (or Xword 601) "John Bull," "Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

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CIVILIZED MAN GROPING STILL, GRIPPING STEEL

SECOND PRIZE, £25: R. J. Davis, "Arcadia," 364 Bricknell Avenue, Hull: WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE—BASKET "OUTWEIGHS" CIGARETTE CASE.

THIRD PRIZE, £10: A. Davidson, 47 Glenurquhart Road, Inverness: KEPT UNDER—STAFF—KEPT HOSPITAL UNDERSTAFFED.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: H. W. Collip, 17a Quarry Hill, Tonbridge: CIVILIZED MAN—USES *Money* FOR *Shells*. £8: A. D. Allsop, "Daledene," Dalesforth Street, Sutton-in-Ashfield: KEPT UNDER—DAD—ON THE SURFACE! £7: C. Tracey, 11 Tavistock Street, Harpurhey: INSPECTED THE DUSTBINS—THAT FLY INSPECTING FOOD! £6: S. Shuttleworth, 19, Derbyshire Avenue, Stretford: THE NEXT MOVE—STALIN'S—AUNTIE'S SENT POSTCARD!

FIVE of £5: Miss I. Jones, 70 Burford Avenue, Swindon: WHAT FATHER THINKS—AMAZING HOW NEWSPAPER ANTICIPATES! J. W. Lyons, 160 Ancaster Avenue, Hull: WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE—I'VE EARACHE—AND BACKACHE! W. J. Thomas, 7 Central Avenue, Stoke Park, Coventry: COUNTRY BUMPKIN—DRY—WEATHER FORECASTER, SOAKED! M. Warner, Upper Winchendon, Nr. Aylesbury: INSPECTED THE MULE—THROUGH BINOCULARS, *Second* BRASS-HAT! B. Winston, 5 Winchester Grove, Wattville Road, Handsworth: INSPECTED THE SPECK—TILL RECRUIT FELT UNDRESSED!

All prizes from £25 to £5 accompanied by Gift as offered. 50 Prizes of 10s. and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

WOMEN SWEEP THE BOARD IN XWORD 597

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THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

ACROSS **XWORD 601**

1. Moderate ones don't threaten the constitution
4. These of pigs are very valuable
5. Stylish bowler may turn out to be a poor this after all
7. One function of these is to protect
8. Has vital part to play even in modern world
10. May refer to cattle
11. On good ice, it's fairly easy to do this without wearing skates
14. Is somewhat yellow
15. Sometimes fall can fairly be attributed to

DOWN CLUES

2. We'd like to see an increase in the production of a great many of these
3. If mudguard's this, one may reasonably deduce an accident
6. Many of us are familiar with an old one with mice in it
9. One must hold securely
12. When storm threatens, it's natural for some to seek shelter in
13. A pony is usually a safer one than a monkey

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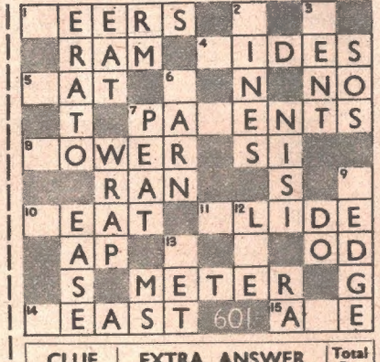

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DEFEAT AT BITTER SPRINGS

Continued from previous page

there was no fight in him. He looked as if he'd be sick any minute.

Mrs. Marsh snapped: "Are you mad, Rios? You'd have the whole state after your blood. You can't kidnap an English lady from New Orleans and get away with it." She shrank back against the wall, as if frightened of her outburst.

"Who stops me?" Rios growled. His hand went threateningly to his gun.

The room went silent, a silence that was somehow strained and solid.

Mrs. Marsh said, desperately, "They'll string you up for it, Rios."

He understood the risk. Staring at him, Clare could see the battle going on inside his brain. He raised a hand to his chin, and pinched it thoughtfully. But the glow in his eyes increased.

"*Sacre!*" he cried. "You're worth the risk!"

"Johnny Hyne!" cried Miss Perrot, in a voice crisp with authority. "Whatever are you doing in those absurd clothes?" She sprang from her chair, and Rios backed away from her, his face blank with bewilderment. "I recognized you the instant you started to pinch your chin!" Miss Perrot announced. "I always told you that you were good for nothing. Calling yourself Rios indeed, and pretending to be a Mexican bandit!" Her voice was like caustic acid. "Get out of here this minute or I'll give you the biggest thrashing you've ever had in your life!"

And Rios backed away, backed to the door, with all the glow gone from his eyes, and only consternation showing. He seemed about to say something; but Miss Perrot moved menacingly forward. He gasped, and turned. The door banged behind him, and there were shouts outside and the galloping of horses.

Very calmly, Miss Perrot returned to her chair. "Clare, if we're to make an early start for Mexico we must get to bed in good time." She picked up her novel. "And remind me tomorrow to write to the publishers of this book. I regard it as most unsuitable."

Slowly, Clare smiled. "Yes, Miss Perrot," she said. Stephen Strang was forgotten. She thought: Mexico *is* going to be fun.

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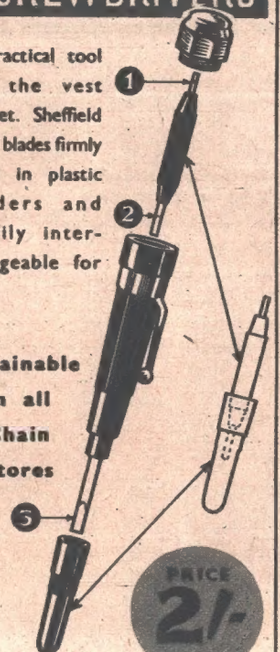

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